

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS
OF GOOD READING

THE Liguorian

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Amongst Ourselves

There will be an unusually joyous note about the Christmas wishes that fly to and fro this Christmas. The war is over. Many of the fighting men are back and the rest are expected soon. Much rationing is ended. Reconversion (albeit slowly) is on its way. There will be many different emotions all wrapped up in the trite but never tiresome Christmas greetings. There will be relief and gratitude and peace. There will be sympathy and comradeship and reminders of faith for those who have suffered the terrible losses that are the cost of war. There will be hope, bright, shining, lustrous hope that peace will remain on earth as it is assured in heaven to men of good will by the coming of God's Son into the world.

We think that there are many things in this LIGUORIAN that will help to put all the above sentiments into the Christmas wishes of its readers. The article "Two Christmases" will help; it will bring into focus the sharp contrast between Christmas in war and this Christmas in peace. The little sketch on the

origin of cribs, and the chaplain's description of Yokohama, where there will undoubtedly be a crib in the midst of devastation and ruin this Christmas, will all help to put warmth and gratitude in Christmas wishes. And because we believe so firmly that peace is much more than the product of a wish, there are articles that urge in various ways, the duties that go with wishing. Such articles are "The Price of Peace," "Dialogue with Child," and the highly moral but pertinent suggestions of the Bystander.

The busy staff of THE LIGUORIAN extend their wishes to all its thousands of readers. They are warm, grateful, comradely, hopeful, prayerful wishes. They are accompanied by action that, if we must say so ourselves, is singularly free from intermediate or ulterior motives. Both wishes and actions will go on through the year 1946, combining to produce a constant flow of stimulating thoughts, arresting discussions, amusing incidents and articles, and above all, urgings to the kind of living that makes for peace.

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a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion,
and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Two Christmases

These two Christmas scenes will never be forgotten by the men who shared them.
And it will be well for others to think of them while they celebrate safely and
warmly this year.

E. F. Miller

Italy, 1943

THE soldiers were determined that they were going to have a Midnight Mass, just as they always had at home, even though at the moment they were far from home. They thought that if they could reconstruct the happy moments that they had known as children, when the ground was covered with snow, when the air was sharp with frost and when the church was ablaze with lights and filled with the softening notes of *Adeste Fideles* and *Silent Night* they would be able to rid themselves of the sickening feeling of homesickness that consumed their minds and tortured their hearts.

It wasn't too long after the bitter battle of Salerno when so many brave young men gave up their lives on the beaches of the Tyrrhenian Sea. It was even a shorter time since the battle of the Volturno river, not far from the ancient city of Capua, where the Germans lay concealed on one side of the stream and waited until the Americans practically reached the muzzles of their guns before pouring their fearsome shells into the oncoming men. The memory of these

battles and of all the mud and blood associated with them was still strong; and the pain felt at the loss of fallen comrades had not yet begun to abate. Perhaps a proper celebration of Christmas would efface the memory and still the pain. At least it was worth a trial.

The few churches left standing were in no condition for the holding of divine services. Great gaping holes took the place of windows, and most of the roofs had been blown away. Sanctuaries were a shambles of dust and broken masonry. Besides, there was the strictest black-out. The Germans still had a powerful air force, and almost every night the planes came over to drop their bombs and strafe everything below that moved. A midnight Mass could not under any circumstances be held in a church for there was no way to cover the windows or to fill the holes in the walls. Even two candles would be seen by marauding airplanes. Another place would have to be found.

The little town of Bagnoli stands almost on the very waters of the sea. It had seen dark and bitter days both in its buildings and in its people.

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Very few houses were left; and the people had taken to the most miserable places of dwelling that the mind could imagine. They lived in little shacks, such as we used to make as children in our backyards; they slept in basements that were partially filled with water and from which all the dead had not yet been removed on account of the immense heaps of rubble under which they were buried; they made their homes out of scraps of cloth or canvas that they had picked up here and there and patched together into tents. And yet Bagnoli was a beautiful town, resting on the one hand on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and on the other hand at the foot of towering hills that arose almost to the height of mountains. And almost always overhead were the blue skies and the smiling sun, even in the cold of winter.

The soldiers were sure that if they searched the hills they would find a church or chapel where they could have their Midnight Mass. It would not have to be large, for not too many men would be able to leave the grim work of fighting even on Christmas eve in order to greet the new-born Babe. And so they set off on foot to make a reconnaissance.

They found what they wanted. On the top of one hill that jutted over the waters of the sea was a castle. For many years this castle had been used by the Italians as a prison. It was almost impregnable to attack from the outside, for it had been carved out of the very rock of the hill, and that part of the walls which extended above the ground was at least six feet thick. There were many cells deep down in the interior, and several of them still had scattered about on the floor the effects of the recent

occupants. All of them were empty now, for the keepers and the officials hurriedly took to flight when our troops surrounded Naples and made the position of all the surrounding towns untenable.

But the best discovery that the soldiers made on their reconnaissance of the castle was a chapel. It was just the kind of chapel that they wanted — sufficiently enclosed within the walls to make it safe from bombing, and possessing such tiny windows that they could easily be blocked from light. There was an altar in the sanctuary, still covered with the proper cloths for Mass, and even having the necessary wax candles next to the crucifix, suggesting that the place had been in use but recently. It was all a great find for the soldiers, and they returned to their priest and told him that now they could have their Midnight Mass just as they would have it at home.

During the next few days many preparations were made to give the Italian prison chapel the appearance of an American church. Christmas trees were cut down from hillsides and set up in their proper place. Some red paper was found for the decoration of the ceiling, and the whole chapel was swept and scrubbed. Since Italian churches do not have pews, a party was organized to find chairs and benches; and so successful was this party, that every corner of the room was filled with something, even though it was only a box or a gasoline jerrycan, on which the soldiers might sit.

However, the greatest preparation centered around the choir. Half a dozen men, all with the best of will and the finest intentions but with indifferent voices, began to practice the old familiar hymns that have been

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heard at Christmas time from almost the days of Christ Himself. They worked hard, with the help of a small field organ that the government furnishes each unit for religious services, and under the direction of a T/5 who had once directed a band in Brooklyn. Their practice was not, of course, like the practice of a choir in civilian life. They were still engaged in carrying on the war, and consequently could not gather to sing hymns just as their fancy suited them. The Germans more or less fixed the times for them when they could get off work.

Christmas eve came that year clear and cold. Not a cloud marred the magnificent canopy of stars, and hardly a ripple stirred the waters that washed the bastions of the castle. Even though there was no snow, there still was in some mysterious fashion the atmosphere of Christmas. Perhaps it was the shadowy outlines of the naked buildings in Bagnoli, dark and empty, and standing in uneven and eerie columns to prove to all who saw, their desolation and abandonment. So it must have been when Christ first came to earth and could not find a place wherein He might be born.

The soldiers began to arrive as early as 11 o'clock. Their trucks pulled up to the bottom of the hill where all the men dismounted. The road that led up to the top was narrow and tortuous, with thick stone walls on either side. No large vehicle could negotiate the many turns and sharp corners. The walk was long and difficult, made more so by the darkness of the night. But the soldiers did not mind it, for this was the one time when they were to be given a chance to forget the war; this was

the one time when they were to get again the feel of peace just as the Infant had promised it to men of good will like themselves. By midnight the chapel was crowded to the walls—men everywhere, their helmets at their feet, their rifles at their sides, their faces rugged and rough from unceasing exposure to the weather. In their hands they held their rosaries or their tiny military prayer books. They were a hard-looking crowd of men, soldiers of a country of comforts who had been shorn of all the comforts of life in order to give comfort to those who had never known it. But hard though they looked, interiorly they were soft and fair, for they had been washed in the sacred Sacrament of Penance and were now making ready to receive their Lord in Holy Communion.

Strangely enough, amongst these hundreds of men there were half a dozen nurses. Close behind the lines of battle there was an Evacuation hospital. The news of the Midnight Mass must have reached the hospital, for here now, sitting on boxes like the rest, were American girls, dressed in battle clothes like the men and wearing steel helmets for headgear.

The Mass got under way; the tiny organ squeaked and struggled; the heavy voices of the men resounded through the chapel to the beautiful melody of *Adeste Fideles*. It was wonderful, and yet it was sad. It was all so mean, all so unadorned and simple. By very contrast it reminded the men and women of the things of home, of all that they were missing in being an intimate part of the war. The Offertory came, and with it *Silent Night*. No hymn has ever been written that fitted the circumstances of the moment more perfectly than did the one the

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men were rendering so sincerely and yet so simply now. *Silent Night, Holy Night*. Yes, that was exactly what it was, and that was exactly what it always should be. It was a cry of protest against exploding shells that tore limbs and wiped out life; it was a voice from heaven drowning out the whine of deadly bullets and the drone of death-dealing planes; it was the whisper of angels gathering up the sighs and groans of wounded men and carrying them on golden voices to the God of armies who was a God of sorrows too.

And then a strange thing happened. The hymn came to an end. For a moment there was silence. In the midst of the silence there came a sob, heavy and unrestrained. No man moved. No man turned around to see. It was one of the nurses, undoubtedly one who had seen almost all that war had to offer, one who knew the meaning of bodies torn beyond all recognition, one who understood perfectly the hardship of cold and mud and rain. The poignant beauty of the Midnight Mass, celebrated here on the top of a barren mountain in a prison chapel, devoid of everything that such a Mass should have except the only thing that mattered — the good will of those who took part in it, drove so deep into her heart that she was almost forced to cry out in the pain that she experienced. And her pain moved on to those about her. Strong men bowed their heads, and tears streamed down their cheeks. Tomorrow they would be in the lines again, brave and unafraid of all that the enemy might do. But now they were close to home and to Him who makes home what it is.

The Mass came to an end and the soldiers gathered up their helmets and

their guns, and began their trek down the hill to the waiting vehicles. Hard and heavy duties lay before them. But their presence at the crib where Christ was born anew gave them strength to face those duties with courage and determination. Christmas to them was a real Christmas, such as perhaps they would never know again. Now at length they understood how the Infant Jesus felt when He discovered that His first home on earth was a stable.

Alsace-Lorraine, 1944

A year had passed since the Mass in the prison chapel in Bagnoli, Italy. Cassino and Anzio had learned the fighting spirit of the American soldier and had bowed in recognition and surrender. Rome with all its mighty monuments, St. Peter's, the Catacombs, the Colosseum of the martyrs, had seen his reverence and admired it. The plains and mountains of the north from the Alban hills to Piombino and Livorno had felt the tread of his marching feet and knew that resistance was in vain.

And then on to France, through the Riviera, up the Rhone valley, past Marseilles and Lyons, on to Plombiers and Epinal, over the high and wooded Vosges mountains into Alsace-Lorraine. The journey had not been easy all the way. Many miles had been made according to the fashion of the ancients — on foot; and most of it had been made in rain and stinging cold. Combat jackets were given out along the way against the wintry weather, and galoshes, as long as the supply lasted, were distributed to the men fortunate enough to receive them, against the rain and snow that abounded on all sides.

And the journey had not been

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made without its price. Like markers on a roadside, crosses and stars pointed out the progress of the troops. In St. Maxime and St. Raphael; in Besancon and St. Die; in countless unknown and unfrequented corners of both Italy and France were left the hallowed bones of fallen friends. Their bodies were consigned to the earth and their souls to God and at last they found the peace that they had never known in the war. It was hard to hear the final volley that occasionally time permitted those who were left behind to fire over the new made graves and the sad and solemn cry of taps. These men had been together for two years, and there is no closer friendship in all this world than that which arises from danger equally shared. But they could not tarry. The Germans were retreating. Their pursuers must be after them lest the prey escape.

But the prey did escape. The enemy reformed his lines in Alsace-Lorraine; he showed determination to hold on even to the death. And for a long time he succeeded.

Christmas, 1944, found the men in the general area of a town called Sarguimines, just west of the Siegfried Line. And they resolved, as they had the year before, that again they were going to have a Mass worthy of the Feast. It was impossible to have a Midnight Mass. It was impossible to have anything with solemnity and high ceremony such as they would have if they were home. But they would do the best they could, knowing that God would accept their efforts in the same spirit in which they were given.

The only place that could be found under the circumstances was a barn. It was a large barn, attached to a

house. An old man and his daughter had tarried behind even though many of the other people of the district had moved away; and these two were living in the house. When they were approached and asked if they would mind if the Americans turned their barn into a church for Christmas morning, they were delighted. It would afford them a chance to go to Mass too; and since their opportunities had been few and far between for many months, this would indeed be a God-send from heaven. They would put everything in order for the grand occasion.

But there was not very much that they could do. At least a dozen cows were kept in the barn on one side. On the other side there was a huge stack of hay. And on all sides were the instruments of farm labor, all of a very ancient variety, such as must have been used by their forefathers a hundred years before. Furthermore, the building itself was filled with cracks and leaning timbers; and huge cobwebs hung from the raftered ceiling almost to the floor. Bats as big as birds had found a refuge in the darkened corners of the roof, and on occasion they would leave their places of concealment and fly furiously about as if in protest against intruders from so far a country as America. But the old man and his daughter promised that they would do what they could to clear a space that would be large enough to accommodate such soldiers as would come on Christmas morning.

The day dawned bright and cold, with at least a foot of snow on the ground and the temperature hovering in the neighborhood of zero. The Mass was scheduled for 8 o'clock, and long before that time the men began to arrive in twos and threes, and

finally in groups of a dozen and more.

The scene was in great measure like the year before, with this exception. In 1943 the war seemed only to be getting under way. No one knew when the end would come; no one thought that it could end for many, many years. Our troops had not as yet even touched the fortress of Europe. All we could do was hold our own in Italy, and by dint of heavy sacrifices and unceasing labor push slowly forward. At the rate we were going it looked as though we would still be at it, if we survived, when we had long white beards and shoulders stooped almost to the ground. But now the mind-set of the men had changed. They had come so far, had captured so many prisoners, had liberated so many towns that they were beginning to see the end. Surely the enemy could not hold out much longer. Surely the collapse could be expected any minute. And so, while they came to honor the Infant Saviour as they had that other time, with steel helmets on their heads and rifles slung over their shoulders, there was a note of hope in their voices and a look of expectation on their faces. Perhaps this would be their last Christmas in the war. Glory to God in the highest for that as well as Glory to God in the highest for sending His tiny Son into this muddled world to prove that it has an end and purpose after all, even though to casual eyes it seems to be little more than chaos and disorder.

It can always be anticipated that if the temperature is zero outside, inside, if there is no heat, the temperature is much lower. This is especially true of a barn. On the floor were heavy stones that perhaps were there when the building was first con-

structed. They had captured the cold and retained it as though they were made of ice. From the mouths of the cattle came forth great streams like smoke from the chimney of an engine. The old man had had no success in filling up the cracks, with the result that thin streaks of wind like hurled knives came piercing into the room.

It was fortunate that the men had spent so many months in the open air, for they had become inured to the cold. Otherwise they surely would have found it impossible to stand the bitterness of that early morning cold. Even as it was, they kept their steel hats on their heads and swung their arms about vigorously to keep the circulation of blood in order. Two boxes were set up at the far end of the room, and an old dilapidated door put on top of them to serve as an altar. Then, while one of the soldiers took the Mass kit and set up the various articles necessary for the Mass, the priest sat down on the hay stack and began to hear confessions. All the men came, making their confession with sincerity and speed, the cold prodding to the surface only such matters as were essential and to the point.

Meanwhile, the old man and his daughter appeared on the scene, and with them a few old women whom not even the fear of flying shells could drive away from the area where they were born and where they wished to die. They were properly adorned for the occasion, wearing long, black dresses and large hats on their heads—the best they had, although on such a day it was surely not enough. The soldiers saw them shivering from the cold; and so a few of them took off their coats and threw them over the shoulders of the trembling women.

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They also succeeded in finding a few small barrels which they placed before the make-shift altar as pews for the civilian visitors. The men themselves remained standing.

And then the Mass began. There is not much that can be said about the ceremony which attended it. There was no ceremony at all. The priest had to hasten as fast as he could lest the water in the cruet freeze and make the completion of the Mass impossible. Furthermore, his fingers had become so cold that they had lost all feeling. He feared that if he did not finish as soon as possible he would not be able to hold the chalice for the final ablutions.

There was no singing, for there had been no time to practice, and the tiny field organ would not work in such tremendous cold. But one of the men intoned the Rosary, announcing the Joyful Mysteries in honor of the day. And all the rest responded with booming voices and mighty faith. And at Communion time they dodged around tattered harnesses and wooden ploughs, they struggled down

from the top of the haystack, they picked their way from amidst the cows and received Our Lord into their hearts. And shortly afterwards the Mass came to an end.

Perhaps it was better that way. Surely they had no distractions such as they might have had if a beautiful choir and been performing in the loft behind them. Surely they approached closer to the first Christmas than did many of the people who had their Mass in grand cathedrals. They had a stable; and so did Christ. They had cattle round them; and so did Christ. They had a few poor visitors from the hills and the fields; and so did Christ. And they had the Blessed Mother there too, whom they brought down to the stable by their recitation of her rosary; and so did Christ.

It is sure that these men felt satisfied as they left the barn to return to their battle stations. They had given all they had. They had done the best they could. They knew that the Infant Christ was pleased.

Tip to Adertisers

People are so tired of hearing superlative praise of products offered for sale that sometimes reverse advertising gets the customers. In Tulsa, some time ago, a real estate agent advertised a house for sale with all the usual eloquent praises of its appointments. He got not a single call. As an experiment, he replaced his ad with the following:

"Six tiny rooms, ratty decorations, leaky basement, muddy street, no bus, no furnace — \$5000"

Ten prospective customers telephoned at once and he sold the house.

The Point of View

Two little boys were talking about the President. (This could be any President.) One of them said:

"My father thinks he has done a lot of good for the people of the country."

The other boy replied: "Oh, I don't know. He hasn't closed the schools yet."



Three Minute Instruction

How to Receive Communion

An important part of one's reception of Holy Communion should be the preparation and thanksgiving before and after. Even though the worthy reception of the greatest Sacrament always brings some grace to the soul, the effective use of the grace it brings will depend largely on the preparation and thanksgiving. The following rules covering these important features of Catholic life should be known to all.

1. There should be both a remote preparation and a remote thanksgiving for Holy Communion. This means that the reception of Communion should not be an isolated event in one's life, seldom thought of except during the actual time it requires. One who truly believes that it means a close union with the body and blood of Christ, should train himself to think of it, long beforehand in anticipation, and long after in continuing gratitude. Thus, on the night before one receives, there should be thoughts of eagerness and loving welcome; during the day after one has received, the mind should be trained to recall the greatness of the privilege and to stimulate the heart to aspirations of love.

2. The immediate preparation for Communion should never be neglected. It may take one of several forms. The best preparation is attendance at Mass, so that one receives at the Communion time of the Mass he hears. When that is not possible, there should be, if at all possible, at least ten minutes of meditation on the greatness of the Sacrament, on sorrow for one's sins, on the love and welcome with which the Body of Christ should be received. If now and then circumstances force the shortening of this preparation, it should nevertheless be aimed at as a general rule.

3. The thanksgiving after Communion should be based on the realization that the Body of Christ remains present within one for up to ten or fifteen minutes after its reception, i.e., till the appearances of bread are completely dissolved, and that graces and favors can be multiplied all during that time. Therefore a person should never, except in great necessity, leave the Church within a few minutes after receiving Communion, even though the Mass he is hearing comes to an end within that time. Ten minutes should be the minimum of thanksgiving, and if at times it is hard to pray spontaneously, a prayerbook should be used to express thanks and to inspire the asking of favors needed. Above all, a person should use the Thanksgiving time to promise greater fidelity to Christ throughout the day.

Dialogue With Child

There are many children, some old, some young, who need simple answers to some of these simple questions.

L. F. Hyland

DADDY, what is a strike?

What are you reading, son? The baseball page?

No. It says here that there are thousands and thousands of men on a strike. What does that mean?

Oh, I see. You've got the front page of the paper. Haven't I told you that there are many things on the front page of the paper that you won't be able to understand?

Yes, you did. But I know that you understand them. And if you tell me about them, I can understand them, too.

Now that's what I call a vote of confidence. But this time you're after something that has many — er — ah — ramifications.

What's a ram — ram — ram —

Alright, alright. I just used that word to get a little time: It means that the question of strikes is so deep and mixed up that I don't know whether I can give you a good idea of what it means.

But you can try, can't you, Daddy?

Yes, I can, and by George I will, that is, if you won't go to sleep on me.

I won't, Daddy.

Well, a strike happens when the workers of a certain factory or company quit working because they think that the company is not paying them enough money for their work.

But if they quit working, doesn't that mean that they won't get any money at all?

Yes, it does. But it also means that the company won't make any money

while the men are on strike, and companies don't like that either.

But when the workers stop working, why can't the company just hire somebody else to work for it instead?

They used to be able to do that, and usually did, before people began to realize that often working people have a good reason for striking. Also before unions of working people had enough members to prevent the company from finding anybody else to take their places when they were on strike.

What is a union, Daddy?

That is a big group of people who do the same kind of work or who work for the same company, and who join together in a society with officers and rules. They agree that they will all act together. That is, if they decide that the company should pay more money for their work, then they agree that they will all stop working at the same time and until the company makes a new agreement with them.

Are unions good or bad, Daddy?

Some are good. No, I would say most of them are good. Some are bad because the men who belong to them let bad men be their officers and leaders.

But why do there have to be unions at all? Why don't companies pay enough money to the people who work for them?

Ah, that's a deep one, my son. First of all, it raises the question of what is enough money for a workingman. What do you think would

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be enough? Suppose I were a work-ingman instead of a lawyer, how much money do you think I should get?

Enough to buy groceries and meat and clothes and to pay the doctor bills? Would that be enough?

How about the taxes and the electric light and the coal to keep the house warm? How about enough to take a vacation once in a while? Do you think a workingman should have a vacation?

Oh, everybody should have a vacation.

And how about a little extra money to put away, so that if the working-man got sick and couldn't work for a while, he would have something to live on?

Gee, he would have to get a lot of money for his work, wouldn't he?

That's what the Pope, who wrote about these matters, said. He said everybody ought to get a living wage, which means enough money to buy all those things I mentioned.

But there isn't anybody who doesn't want the workingman to have that, is there?

When you hear people talk, there doesn't seem to be. But when you see what people get for their work sometimes, and how far it goes and how much it buys, then you are not so sure.

But could all the companies in the world pay that much money to their workingmen?

There's another deep question. No, some of them could not. If they had to pay everybody a real living wage tomorrow, some of them would go out of business, would fold up.

That's funny. Isn't there something wrong with them?

Exactly. But how to fix it is the

problem. You see many companies got started in the days when nobody cared much whether a workingman got enough money to live on or not. They would pay their men ten dollars or maybe twenty dollars a week, and that wasn't half enough to live on decently and safely. But the company went along for years making a little profit just because they paid so little to the men who worked for it. If the company had to double that amount, or even add a third or a fourth more, it would make no profit and would soon go out of business.

Can't anybody do anything about that, Daddy? Because it isn't right for anybody not to get enough money to live on, is it?

No, it isn't, but you see the difficulty. The Pope said it is all so mixed up that we should start all over. And in order to start all over, he said that workingmen should form unions. Then the leaders of these unions should sit down with the owners and managers of the business they work for and figure out ways to keep the business going and at the same time to give everybody enough pay to live on. He said that nobody should expect that all the difficulties will be solved at once, but that this way they will gradually be solved.

Is everybody doing what the Pope wanted, Daddy?

Alas, no. Some of the men who own companies don't want to sit down and talk with the leaders of their workingmen. They don't want to change the old system at all, in which they just pay their men what they please. They even try to prevent their working men from forming unions, so that they won't have to listen to their problems of earning a living.

That's bad, isn't it, Daddy?

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Yes, but it's not the only bad thing. Some of these men who own or run a company hate unions because they had sad experiences with unions. Maybe there was a union in their company that had bad leaders, who hated the owners of the business and tried to demand more than could be given all at once. So the foolish owners, instead of realizing that their union was bad only because it had bad leaders, decided to hate all unions forever.

How does a union get bad leaders?

That happens when the good workingmen of a certain class don't take any interest in their union. They don't go to meetings, they don't care who is elected to talk to the owners for them, and sometimes they don't even join the union themselves.

Then every workingman should be in a union, shouldn't he?

Yes, every one that works for a big company.

If all unions were good, would there have to be any strikes?

Yes, the men would have to strike once in a while if they were working for a company that refused to do even what they could easily do to give all their workingmen a living wage. The

Pope didn't like strikes. Remember, he said that the best thing would be if the leaders of the company and the leaders of the unions sat down together and talked things over, each trying to see the problems of the other. But he also said that if workingmen don't get enough to live on, and if the men who pay them refuse to consider paying more, then it would not be wrong for the workers to strike.

Is that why all the strikes that the paper talks about are going on?

Ah, that is a difficult question to answer. I would have to know all the facts about each strike to tell you whether the men who are on strike are right or wrong. Some of them, I know, are right.

You know what, Daddy? I think when I grow up I'll be a workingman. And I'll be in a union, and I'll try to make everybody do what's right. I won't let any bad men spoil things. I'll try to do just what the Pope says we should do.

You'll be a miracle man, my son. Now you had better start getting ready by going to bed, and taking a good night's sleep. Good-night, son!

Good-night, Daddy!

Oriental Wisdom

The editor of *Fu Jen* presents the following pithy gems of Chinese thought: "A teacher surpasses all his pupils; a father a hundred teachers; but a mother a thousand fathers."

✽

"A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small parcel."

✽

"A year's opportunities depend on the spring; a day's on the dawn; a family's on harmony; and a life's on industry."

✽

"Men will no more be virtuous without admonition than a bell will ring without being struck."

✽

"Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more."

✽

"Don't wait till the iron is hot before striking; make the iron hot by striking."



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: My husband and I are in the midst of a long drawn-out argument over the kind of high-school education we should give our oldest child. She is graduating from grammar school this year. I am in favor of co-education in high school; my husband insists that we should send her to an academy for girls alone. I believe that girls should be given a chance to become acquainted with boys at an early age; that girls' schools make them backward and afraid; that their chances of a good marriage are increased by co-education. Tell me if I am wrong.

Solution: One approaches this much disputed problem warily, because so many circumstances are involved and so many individual experiences can be quoted against one who takes either side. However, taking the case to be that it is equally convenient to send the girl either to a Catholic co-educational high school or to a Catholic girls' academy, we are of the rather strong opinion that the latter would be the wiser choice. We have many reasons for this opinion; but we shall confine ourselves to answering the reasons you propose for favoring co-education.

You say that this gives girls a chance to become acquainted with boys at an early age. What do you mean by "getting acquainted?" If you mean merely to find out what boys are like, to meet them informally once in a while, it is hard to see why you have to send them to a co-educational school to accomplish this. Your family and social life is pretty barren if your growing girls never see any boys in a normal way. If you mean by "getting acquainted," making rather close friends of boys, having regular dates, indulging in incipient courtships, then you are one of those foolish parents who favor puppy love, cradle courtships, etc., and who know little about the dangers of adolescence. If this be your purpose in favoring co-education, there will be little of education.

You say that girls' schools make girls backward and timid with boys. It is the best thing in the world for girls to be backward and timid with boys during their high school years; it is infinitely preferable to their being forward and loose. But the effect will not be just that. Your girl will get a good education at an academy; she will develop poise and refinement and taste and judgment. When the natural and fitting time does come for her to be interested in boys she will have a far maturer judgment and far sounder principles.

You say that co-education in high school makes for better opportunities for a good marriage. If you left out that word "good," I would agree with you. High school infatuations do lead to marriage sometimes; but they are not always good and desirable marriages. And you need not fear that because a girl is deprived of daily association with boys until she is 16 or 17 years old, all the feminine instincts toward marriage will thereby be crushed forever. Let those instincts wait until she is 17, 18, or 19; they will come out all right, and will then have a far better protection from reason and faith.

Salute to Sugar

The old family sugar bowl holds a fascinating romance, especially now when it is never quite full.

W. F. McKee

FOR most people the war will not be over till a favorite product, sugar, is back in full civilian use. Sugar was taken for granted by all before rationing began, even though it entered very intimately into their lives. Many individuals knew that sugar production in the past decades has been constantly on the up-swing. Also that the year of Pearl Harbor saw more sugar produced than any previous year. "Where's it all going?" Mr. Smith asked. "If there's so much sugar how come it's rationed first?"

The answer is to be found in the thousands of products which can be, and are, made from sugar. They are products which the government considered more essential than those for which sugar was ordinarily used.

Sugar that once might have filled the family sugar bowl, or sweetened candy or ice-cream, found itself strangely out of character in cement, explosives, penicillin, paper, synthetic rubber and even welding rods. The scientific wizards have pulled from their test-tubes over 3000 products, all from sugar. They foresee an almost infinite range of possibilities for it.

Gasoline from sugar is already a fact. The men of science say that the family helicopter of the future may be powered by a few lumps of sugar. Experiments are under way to determine whether a sugar product can be substituted for blood plasma. Sugar is to be used in ever increasing quantities to make new plastic products. One of its by-products will even

be used for lining in beer cans. The lid is off the sugar bowl, the scientists maintain, and the sky is the limit.

When word got around what tricks science was working with sugar, industry lifted a curious, skeptical eyebrow and said "show me." It was shown. And today industry makes heavy demands on all sugar products.

Makers of poisons and insecticides use it in enormous quantities. It's a "come-on" for pests. The leather industry found that by adding measured quantities of sugar to the tanning mixture a certain fermentation takes place and the acid produced improves the curing of the leather. The packing houses use it to cure meats. Tobacco experts have found that sugar creates a bacterial action which gives tobacco a better flavor. The glass industry uses sugar for many purposes, among them to silver mirrors. Sugar can even be mixed with concrete and will increase its strength tremendously.

For many years chemists thought that only milk would produce lactic acid. Modern researchers produce it from sugar. A sweet substance, sugar, is made to yield a sour one, citric acid. Lemons had a tight squeeze on the citric acid markets, till sugar wedged its way in. Now most citric acid is made from sugar.

Sugar went to war in a big way.

The military requirements for candy alone in 1944 were over 100,000,000 pounds. Quartermaster General Gregory said that candy is in-

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cluded as a component part of practically every ration issued. The three emergency rations, Field Ration D, and life-raft and pocket lunches are all candy rations. Ernie Pyle relates in *Brave Men* that the only food taken into battle in Tunisia was three bars of D-ration chocolate. The Army found sugar to be an excellent anti-fatigue food and used it wherever they could, in camps and on battlefields alike.

Sugar is extremely essential in the preparation of blood plasma. Its presence keeps the plasma from coagulating when it is being administered. Fighter pilots used to eat a couple of bars of chocolate to keep them from "blacking out" at high altitudes. (Even the plastic domes of their planes were partially constructed from sugar.) In the islands of the Pacific, flyers could leave full wallets around without fear of their being stolen. But guards had to be put around their planes to keep an eye on their chocolate rations.

While the War Department was making tremendous demands on sugar producers to keep its fighting men trim and to feed the undernourished Europeans, another department of the government, the Department of Agriculture, was all-out to discredit the use of sugar here at home.

Sugar-loving Americans didn't mind so much the sacrifice of their candy, pies, ice-cream and other sugar desserts. But when the Department of Agriculture and the O.P.A. tried to make them like it, it was a different matter. The people began to talk back. Soon the scientists, who had the scientific facts before them, lined up with the people. An interesting battle ensued.

When the government met opposi-

tion in its anti-sugar campaign, it enlisted dieticians, dentists and doctors to carry the offensive against sugar to the people. "How to Save Sugar and Like It," "How Much Sugar Do You Need — None," "Forget About Sugar — It's Just a Bad Habit" were titles of some of the O.P.A. literature. Even the august American Medical Association stuck its neck out in suggesting that the government prohibit the sale of soft drinks and candy in school areas. The big arguments against sugar were that if eaten in excess it was harmful, and that (as the A.M.A. put it) "sugar is too pure and lacks vitamins."

The anti-sugar propaganda at first brought nothing but polite yawns from top-notch scientists. They thought the fad would pass. Not too long ago vegetarians and kindred folks were maintaining that we were all going to die of Bright's disease through eating too much meat. Then a man named Amundsen lived for a year on nothing but meat and felt fine at the end of it. Milk was going to give us cancer of the stomach. That scare quickly faded out. Thus they thought the anti-sugar fad would pass. But with the intensity of the war's progress, the anti-sugar tempo heightened and reached its peak with the A.M.A.'s denunciation.

Then such scientists as Leonard Wickenden, a graduate of the Imperial College of Science and Technology of London University, and William J. Robbins, Professor of Botany at Columbia University, began to wither their anti-sugar opponents with scientific logic. They admitted that an excess of sugar was harmful. So was an excess of any food. Chemist Wickenden was incredulous to see the American Medical

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Association condemn sugar because it carries no vitamins. "Sugar is a food," he wrote, "and vitamins are not a food. A king could command that he be fed nothing but vitamins. Three times a day he would sit down to a table bent beneath the weight of huge bowls of pure vitamins. He would soon die, and probably in agony."

Scientists admit that vitamins are not only good for us, but absolutely necessary. But they say the same for calories. And sugar has more calories in it per pound than any other food. It supplies around 1,800 calories per pound, while apples provide only 280. Popeye fans will be heartbroken to discover that spinach supplies only 109 calories per pound. Sugar is also one of the nation's cheapest and yet most energizing foods. One cent will buy 263 calories in sugar and only 115 in potatoes. Spinach again trails, yielding but 16 calories for a penny. One cent's worth of beefsteak will net you only 12 calories.

Some doctors had to laugh at the "let's-get-away-from-sugar campaign." Dr. Robbins, formerly professor at several prominent universities and once President of Missouri University, now at Columbia University, maintains that if man wants to get away from sugar he will have to shed his mortal frame and set out for a new planet. The eminent botanist calls sugar the foundation of all life. He says we are essentially dependent on sugar because we are essentially dependent on plants. For plants are to a great extent, sugar. Even the other constituents of the plant are produced either directly or indirectly from sugar. The constituents are oils, fats, starch and proteins.

Sugar is really the pivotal element

in the plant. The starch in a potato is constructed from the sugar in the leaf of a potato plant. The cellulose and lignin of wood is built from the sugar of the tree's leaves. The pigments which color the petals of the rose and the perfume of the rose are developed from sugar by the alchemy of the plant. Scientists have recently discovered that part of the energy of the sunlight which falls on the green leaf is stored in the sugar which is made there. They estimate that the amount of energy fixed annually in this fashion is equivalent to 300 billion tons of coal. No other process has been discovered which fixes the sun's energy in chemical compounds.

If you eat a beefsteak or lobster or drink a glass of wine, you are consuming food that once was sugar. If you dig your garden, play golf, drive a horse or an automobile, you are using some of the sun's energy fixed in sugar made by plants.

Research experts have fished about in the sugar bowl and have pulled out a few facts to explode some old wives' tales. Athletes of old were warned to keep away from sweets and ice-cream while in training. But research shows that sugar and starches furnish the most quickly available fuel for hard muscular activity. The overconsumption of sugar was once thought to be the most common cause of diabetes. Today, however, the medical fact has been established that diabetes is due to a disordered endocrine gland system. There is no evidence to prove that too much "sweet stuff" will make you a diabetic in the end.

Is sugar the serious cause of tooth decay that many people think it is? Dr. Herman Becks, University of California professor, would answer yes. Speaking at a seminar of Middle Ten-

nessee dentists, he supported the popular opinion and said, "only 1 per cent of the population can consume their normal sugar desires without serious harm." He added that our individual wartime rationing quotas are too large to prevent tooth decay. However many authorities today deny this. Dr. Robert Hockett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says: "I find a very important volume of opinion to the effect that tooth decay is not proportionate to sugar intake. But that tooth decay remains at a minimum when general nutrition is at a high level and necessary mineral elements are all taken in adequate quantities." Agreeing with Dr. Hockett are Prof. J. A. Boyd of Iowa State University and Dean A. Leroy Johnson, of the School of Dental Medicine at Harvard. Both men have conducted special research on this problem.

The earliest records we have about sugar show that it was first cultivated in India, then carried to China, apparently as early as 800 B.C. The art of refining sugar was developed in India between A.D. 300 and 600. Nestorian monks in Egypt were the first to make "white" sugar, about the year 600.

No beet sugar was made until the 18th century. In 1747 Andreas Marggraf, professor of physics at the Berlin Academy of Science, first extracted sugar crystals from beets. Fifty years later, under the patronage of Frederick William III of Prussia, and of Napoleon Bonaparte, commercial production in Europe began. Napoleon considered sugar so indispensable to his armies that he took every step possible to encourage the production of sugar beets on French soil.

Modern methods of planting, culti-

vation, etc., and new processes in refining have made it possible for sugar interests to produce sugar far beyond the ordinary world need. Many people may doubt this today (December, 1945) but it is true. With the idea in mind of providing further outlets for sugar, a Sugar Research Foundation was established in 1943. First rate scientists were called in and thousands of dollars were placed at their disposal. These are the men who have put sugar to work on so many different jobs.

The work they do is science at its best. Chemistry, biochemistry, physics, botany and allied sciences are all called upon to find the possibilities of sugar. The ordinary layman is interested in nothing but the final product. For him, there is no quickening of the pulse when he reads that Du Pont has been issued a patent describing "the acylation of lactonitrile by reacting a vinyl ester with lactonitrile in the presence of a tertiary amine." But it is through such processes that plastics are made from sugar, and ultimately other products, too.

A factor that is putting sugar over among industrialists is that it is practically an inexhaustible source of raw materials. Science has reduced the sources of organic raw materials to four: coal, petroleum, animals, and plants. Chemical studies of coal tar brought about a "coal-tar age" when dyes, drugs, perfumes and explosives were made from coal products. About 1918 petroleum began to star on the chemical stage and the "petroleum age" gave us numerous products, notably, high octane gasolines, plastics, synthetic rubber, and anesthetics.

Research chemists, faced with an eventual dwindling of coal and petroleum, turned to the inexhaustible

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supplies of plants. Three fourths of all plant matter consists of the carbohydrates: cellulose, starch and sugar. Cellulose and starch have already been tapped, and sugar is just beginning to be really probed. The men of science speak of our age as the "carbohydrate age." The way these scientific magicians are pulling products out of the "sugar hat" seems to indicate that the "carbohydrate age" is to be with us a long time.

Many of the experiments these men have conducted have been highly successful. Many have failed. Perhaps one of the more interesting of the failures is an experiment that was actually tried at Princeton several years ago. Its successful outcome would have been more important than the atomic bomb. At least local toppers thought so.

An ambitious student, who must have been something of a seer, struggled for months to break down a molecule of sugar. He wanted to split it in such a way as to produce alcohol and carbon dioxide, or, speaking very broadly, "Scotch and soda;"

in brief, a "hi-ball." With several pounds of sugar and a "small home atom-smasher" the young savant thought enterprising people could drive the whiskey barons to bankruptcy and government liquor tax collectors out of a job. Unfortunately for him the "great experiment" failed.

Where does all the sugar come from? That consumed in the United States comes chiefly from Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. The United States produces about 2 million tons but consumes over 6 million tons. That means about 104 pounds of sugar per person a year. The ordinary citizen will welcome the day when sugar is fully available for his cereals, fruits, pies, candy and ice-cream, some dieticians and the O.P.A. to the contrary notwithstanding. He has been looking forward for a long time to the day when he can go to a restaurant or a railroad diner and take all the sugar he wants without feeling like a Benedict Arnold. We hope that day soon comes.

All to All

When the American troops first came to Rome, the Pope received one and all with the greatest graciousness. It made no difference who the men before him were: Catholics, Protestants and Jews; whites and blacks; British and Americans—all received the same kindly treatment. Sometimes the Pope would single out one or the other of the men and speak to him for a moment. This led to some comical consequences.

One example is that of the Georgia boy who had never spoken to a priest in all his life, much less to a Pope. When he saw that the Holy Father appeared to be quite normal, and that, even though he was the spiritual head of 300,000,000 people, he acted like a simple, ordinary man, the soldier pressed forward to secure a better view. And then all of a sudden Pius XII stood before him. He was abashed, but only for a moment. Raising his voice he said, so that all about him could hear: "I say, Mr. Pope, can I shake your hand?" The Holy Father not only shook his hand but smiled while he did so. He spoke to the lad in English, asked him where his home was in America, and praised him for the fine courage that he was showing as a soldier. Then he bestowed his blessing upon him. And wonder of wonders, and shades of the early Reformers of our southern States, the boy from Georgia fell down upon his knees to receive it.



Test of Character (33)

On Exaggerating

L. M. Merrill

A very easy way to make one's friends distrust and even dislike one is through the habit of exaggeration. This is a form of lying which seems to take violent hold on some characters, and eventually to render suspect almost everything they say. As a result, they are seldom taken seriously by those who know them well, and would be the last persons to be admitted into a position of responsibility. At the same time, they usually do untold harm by their loose treatment of the truth among those who as yet are not aware of their weakness. There are three main forms that the habit of exaggerating may take.

1. Exaggeration inspired by vanity is one of the commonest forms of this fault. To hear some people talk, one would think that their lives are one long series of stupendous and amazing accomplishments. There is a crude way and a clever way of exaggerating one's feats, and many variations in between. In the crude way, the exaggerator bluntly and boldly creates heroic tales out of the simplest incidents in which he was involved; he multiplies the odds that were against him, magnifies the issues at stake, and enlarges out of all proportion the results of what he did. In the clever way, the exaggerator uses tricks such as quoting the words of others about his deed, pretending to make little of what he did even while his story contradicts his pretensions, etc. All this is vanity, self-exaltation, pride.

2. Some make use of exaggeration, not to create an impression of their powers, but to appear as dramatic story-tellers and entertainers. Thus they will exaggerate a simple accident they saw on the street into a throbbing human interest story; or they will fictionize arguments they have overheard into fascinating exchanges of witty and forceful language. Persons who are acquainted with such exaggerators sometimes wonder why they themselves never run across such dramatic and interesting happenings, until gradually they begin to realize that they are being taken in; that the drama is usually made up and added by the narrator.

3. The most dangerous and evil form of exaggeration is that in which somebody's reputation is made to suffer. There are never two sides to the question of an absent person's character for one who is inclined to exaggerate; the brush used is so broad and the paint so thick that not even a mother could love the one described. Yet often on meeting the person whose faults, motives and sins have been so grossly exaggerated, one gets an entirely different impression — sometimes even realizing that the person is far better than the one who reviled him.

It is possible for weak characters to become so enslaved to the habit of exaggeration that eventually they themselves believe the weird stories they tell. Anyone who is on the way to that fixed state of perversion should thoroughly analyze his conversation, and eliminate, before it is too late, every trace of exaggeration.

Father Tim Casey

No Christening Unless—

There are some who think that children should be baptized and no questions asked, no conditions guaranteed. This will correct false impressions.

C. D. McEnniry

A THOUSAND vehicles pass your crowded street or your busy highway, and you hardly give one of them a glance. It was different at Huggins Pastures. There, the passage of a wagon was an event, and the natives were not satisfied until they knew who was in it, where he was going, and why. If they were within shouting distance they asked these questions as naturally and unblushingly as they would have inquired the way to the next town. Father Timothy Casey had not yet been living there two years, yet he was already beginning to be infected with the native curiosity.

Hence when he saw a team stop before the church and a small colony tumble out and enter the building, he forgot the learned theological book before him and sat gazing intently out the window, wondering what it was all about. His good people made sacrifices and faced hardships, to an extent that would shame a cityite, in order to go to Mass on Sunday, but weekday visits to the House of God were few and far between.

He had not long to wait before his curiosity was satisfied, for presently Mr. Thomas Saunders and his daughter Ruth came out of the church and hurried over to his house. The girl was jubilant, and even staid old Tom showed signs of being more than ordinarily gratified over something.

"Good news, Father Casey," she gushed. "Zita Pluff and her kiddies are in the church. They came to our

house today, and I coaxed and coaxed until finally Walter agreed to have the children baptized."

"Maybe Ruth is stretchin' it a bit when she says he really agreed," her father corrected. "It is like this: Walter Pluff has been tryin' to make a dicker with Sylvester Brerton about that bunch o' yearlin' steers of Brerton's. Well, he come up today to look 'em over, and he brought the family along so's they could visit with us. He has always taken a kind of a shine to Ruth, so today after dinner she ventured to get after him again about baptizin' the young-ones. Nobody else could a done it without settin' him into a tantrum. At first he wouldn't hear of it, but finally, when it was gettin' time for him to hitch up and drive over to Brerton's, he said: 'Aw, hell, go ahead and get them christened — if it'll make you feel any better.'"

"But who," the pastor inquired, "is Walter Pluff and — Ita — Bit — who do you call her?"

"Wa-al now, lookit that, Ruthie. You and me is a couple of dumb bells — talkin' to Father Casey about Zita and Walter jest as if he knew all about them. And this is probably the first he ever heard of their existence. Zita," he explained, "is a cousin of the Missis. They live away over on the other side of Grange post office. You never see her at Mass. He won't let her come — not that she is any too keen on it herself, I guess. But she did want to get the young-

ones baptized, and he swore he'd leave her if she ever tried it."

"What about the promises he made when he married her?" the priest demanded. "Isn't he man enough to keep his pledged word?"

"He never made no promises. If he had, he'd a kept them. I'll give Walter credit for that. (Though I've known more'n one skunk that wouldn't.) Him and her eloped and got married by the squire. Zita always was a scatter-brain."

"Scatter-brain or not," the priest declared, "we must not forget that we are leaving her and her children waiting in the church while we are chattering here."

"That's exactly what I want to do—let her stay in the church long enough to have a little religion soak in—'fore she forgets completely all she learned when she was a girl. Besides she is not alone. They's a hull drove of godfathers and godmothers with her. Our biggest chore was to round *them* up."

"Why? How many children are there to be baptized?"

"Three. The little girl is six, and the two boys are younger."

"Then three godparents would have been enough—since you had so much trouble finding them."

"But," Ruth objected, "does not the Church oblige us to have a godfather and a godmother for each child?"

"The Church," Father Casey responded, "requires one godparent for each child and *permits* two."

"If there is only one godparent, that one would have to be of the same sex as the child. Am I right, Father Casey?"

"That would be more becoming, but it is not obligatory. You are

thinking of Confirmation, where it is obligatory that the godparent (if there is only one) be of the same sex as the person confirmed. But with regard to the present case, I tell you frankly, it is not the number, but the quality, of the godparents that I am concerned about. Unless we have really dependable godparents, these children cannot be baptized."

"What do you mean, Father Casey?" All Ruth's enthusiasm evaporated in one gloomy cloud. "I thought you could baptize any child, so long as the parents would consent."

"Then you thought wrong. Baptism is our solemn initiation as members of Christ's one true Church. In the very act of Baptism an indelible mark is impressed upon our soul as a perpetual testimony of this initiation. It is a deordination, an abnormality, if a person is admitted to membership in the Church, if a person is stamped with the indelible character of initiation, who neither believes what the Church teaches nor practices what she commands. Therefore we are not allowed to baptize anybody who is likely to become such a living contradiction, such a deformed member of the mystical body of Christ."

"Not even if a baby is dying, couldn't you?"

"Pay attention to what the priest is sayin', Ruth, and you won't be askin' fool questions," her father admonished. "He said you cannot baptize people who are liable to become unbelievers. If a baby is dyin' it ain't liable to become an unbeliever, is it?"

"That is why," the pastor added, "you not only may, but you must, baptize a dying baby if you can—even though the parents are opposed

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—even though they are both non-Catholics.”

“Even though the parents are opposed!!!” Ruth was astonished, almost shocked.

“Yes. The parents have no right to hinder their child from being freed from original sin and made a child of God by Baptism. Their parental rights over that child come from God. But surely God did not give them the right to keep an immortal soul out of heaven for all eternity. And if this child dies unbaptized, it can never enter heaven, can never see God.”

“That is if the baby is dying. But how then,” Ruth inquired, “have they the right to refuse it Baptism if the child is well?”

“They have no such right. Christ has commanded all men to be baptized. Nobody has a right to oppose the command of Christ. True, we do not baptize a healthy baby when the parents are opposed, not, however, because they have the right to oppose its Baptism, but because they will not bring it up to believe and practice the Christian religion. We must not render ourselves responsible for a deformed member being attached to the mystical body of Christ. We must not solemnly initiate into the Church anybody who will probably neither believe what the Church teaches nor practice what she commands. — And all this holds for the children you have brought me today. The father is an unbeliever, the mother, from the way you describe her, is not much better. Such parents are not likely to bring up the children Catholics. Unless there are godparents who can and will see to this, the children cannot be baptized.”

“Oh, Father Casey, I should be

afraid to have to answer for that. Can't I stand for the little girl without taking that heavy obligation?”

“You cannot stand for anybody without taking that obligation. It necessarily goes with the office of godparent.”

“And I have already stood for four different babies! I have all that responsibility! How shall I ever save my soul!”

“Whose babies were they?”

“Ray's and Wolsinski's and Lane's and O'Connell's.”

“Those are all good Catholic families. They will take care of the Catholic upbringing of their own children. You have nothing to worry about. The obligation, of course, is there, but there is no likelihood that you will ever be called upon to fulfil it.”

“And listen, Father Casey. The other Lane boy is keeping company with a Protestant. She is going to turn before they get married. They want me to be her godmother too. I am going to tell them to get somebody else. I don't want to be responsible for her. How do I know but she'll fall away again? Converts sometimes do.”

“If they do, it is generally because they are received into the Church too soon — before they have been thoroughly instructed — before they have had considerable practice in hearing Mass, saying their prayers, keeping the Friday abstinence and the other laws of the Church. No, Ruth, this is my worry rather than yours. I am preparing this girl, and I must not admit her until I am assured she will be a good Catholic. When I shall have finished her instructions and shall baptize her, you can safely do them this kindness and stand up for her. The godparents of an adult have not

such a heavy obligation as the god-parents of a child. The adults do not need so much assistance, or if they do need it, they will not accept it."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing. I am going to have a straight talk with Zita and tell her that I won't stand for her little girl unless she promises to do her best to bring her up a good Catholic and to let me instruct her whenever I think she needs it." And there was, at this moment, a striking likeness to the determined jaw of Tom Saunders in Ruth's pretty face.

"But suppose her husband objects."

"Let him object. I'd like to see the husband that would stop me from bringing up my children Catholics, even if it was Walter Pluff. And Zita could take the same stand, and get by with it, if she really cared enough. When she wants something, and wants it bad, she gets it—same as any other woman."

"And now," the priest added, "just one more question before we go over to the church. How old is the oldest of these children?"

"The oldest is Roselle, the one I have been talking about. She's six."

"Do you think she has attained the use of reason?"

"Why, Father Casey, the catechism says a child attains the use of reason at seven. Roselle will not be seven till May."

"The catechism does not say when any particular child will attain the use of reason, because the catechism does not know—any more than it knows when you will get the measles. It says children *generally* attain the

use of reason *about* the seventh year. But each individual child attains the use of reason when—when—well, when it attains the use of reason!! That is, when it learns to distinguish between right and wrong, when it gets sense. With some, that happens at five, with some, it happens at ten, with some, it never happens."

"Wa-al, this little imp has as much sense as Ruth—mebee more," said Saunders.

"Dad is always teasing her. He would have her spoiled in a week. No wonder she gives him back some pretty pert answers. But Roselle surely is pretty bright for her age. Why? What has that to do with Baptism?"

"Then she has most likely attained the use of reason. And nobody who has attained the use of reason can be baptized, even on his deathbed, unless he has the intention of being baptized, and knows the truths that are absolutely necessary for salvation."

"What are those truths?"

"*First*, there is a God. *Second*, God brings the good to heaven and sends the bad to hell. These two truths are surely necessary. Nobody who has attained the use of reason can be saved unless he knows and believes them. *Third*, God, though He is one only God, is, in some way we do not understand, three in Person. *Fourth*, God, the Second Person, became Man and died to save us. These last two truths are probably necessary. Therefore before baptizing anybody who has attained the use of reason we must see that they know these four truths—these four at the very least," said Father Casey.



Cradle of the Crib

How the story of Christmas was told to the faithful—ten centuries ago.

E. T. Langton

"WHO started the practice of having Christmas cribs?"

"St. Francis of Assisi, of course."

That settles that. Usually no one looks farther for the origin of the Christmas-crib custom. "Saint Francis, of course!"

And rightly so! When Saint Francis so lovingly built his crib in the woods of Umbria, he also laid the foundation for the modern custom of the Christmas crib. It was the story of the Poverello kneeling before that crib which inspired his order to spread worldwide this beloved practice.

Yet, if we look only to Saint Francis before his crib, we are likely to overlook the cribs before Saint Francis. In doing so, we deprive ourselves of a charming vignette of medieval life and a colorful glimpse of the Christmas spirit when it meant Christ and His Mass instead of Santy and jingle-bells. Before Saint Francis made history with his midnight crib in the Italian forest, Christians in Germany and France and England had cribs in their cathedrals and churches and—well, that's the story.

Come Christmas time, ye olde medievalites (we are going back to a few centuries before the thirteenth) busy themselves with their annual Christmas play. The church becomes a theater not only for the Divine drama of the Mass, but also for another presentation which, in a soul-stirring manner, will link the liturgy to the story of Christmas.

Toward midnight, the villagers

awaken and excitedly don their brightest holiday costume. Guildsmen and knights, nobles and yeomen, serfs and dukes set out on their short pilgrimage to the local church. The roads become studded with lighted torches in the hands of the pilgrims and the air becomes alive with the murmured names of Jesus and Mary. Fearlessly they journey; the roaring of the torrent and the howling of the wolf carry no terror into their heart tonight, for they feel sure that at this sacred hour no creature has power to harm them. In all the piety and pageantry of their times, they reach and enter the candle-lit church.

For this throng, Christmas is not a commercial season; it is the commemoration of history's greatest birthday, and tonight the joyous story of that event will pass before their eyes in a colorful, songful dramatization.

The sanctuary benches are filled with clerics, the body of the church with layfolk. The curtain hanging toward the back of the altar holds all eyes fascinated, for veiled behind it lies the crib.

Then, almost literally out of a clear sky, descends a boyish voice. All eyes surge to an elevated part of the sanctuary where they behold a youth in a robe of brilliant white. It's an angel! And what news he has—nothing less than the solemn proclamation of the birth of the Lord:

"Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a

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Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

A thrill runs through the crowd, just as a thrill must have shot through that erstwhile cluster of shepherds keeping the night watch. Erstwhile? Listen! . . . Footsteps . . . the swish of garments . . . a hymn in simple melody. . . . From the rear of the church, up the middle aisle, the shepherds troop into the sanctuary, singing their story of angels and tidings of great joy:

"Peace on earth is announced and glory in the highest! The Mediator, the God-Man comes to His own, so that guilty man may rise up to joy. Huzza! Huzza! Let us go over, let us see this word which has come to pass. Let us go that we may know what has been announced. A boy is crying in Judea, the boy who is the salvation of the people! Let us draw nigh! Let us draw nigh to the manger of the Lord."

Suddenly the congregation swivels in unison and looks up, half-expecting to see an angel chorus actually winging about overhead, for an angelic hymn floats down from the boys' choir perched in the highest galleries of the church, singing the glad song of Bethlehem's angels: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace to men of good will."

A quick glance at the overhead angels suffices, and attention springs back to the sanctuary where the shepherds are now speaking with the attendants at the manger. The angel choir supplies atmosphere, realistic enough, but not sufficient to divert attention from the shepherds. No wonder! The shepherds are speaking the very sentiments that burn in

the hearts of the people. Like them, these have come "seeking the Saviour, the Christ, the Infant Lord, wrapped in swaddling clothes according to the words of the angel." Like them, these are impatient for the veil to be dropped and for the hidden crib to be revealed.

It is easy to picture the breath-catching among the faithful, and the stretching for the first glimpse of the crib, as the attendants approach the concealing curtain. Building to a tip-top climax, they halt for a moment and impress upon all just what it is that lies behind that curtain. "The little one is here—with Mary His Mother, of whom long ago Isaiah spoke in prophesy: 'Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son.'" Then—how tense and still all has become—the curtain is drawn! To the view of the eager shepherds and straining audience is presented the Christmas crib!

Who could fail to catch the spiritual spirit of Christmas when he has been an onlooker at such a playlet? Who could refuse to join the shepherds in worship of the Christ Child and praise of His Mother? Who could fail to cry out with the shepherds:

"Alleluia! Alleluia! Now we know in very truth that the Christ is born into the world. . . . Hail Virgin unequalled, bride of God, ever virgin. Let us adore, in the flesh of His Mother, Him who was generated before all ages in the heart of His Father."

The play has ended, yet not a single serf edges toward the door. Why? Because the drama has imbued him with the spirit of Christmas. He could not leave now, for he knows that indispensable at Christmas is Christ's Mass. He sees the priest ap-

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proach the altar. Already the choir is intoning the introit: "A boy is born unto us; a child is given to us." With the sturdy certainty of the ages of

faith, he knows that now Christ is to be born and given to us, not in drama only, but in the Eucharist.

(THE END)

Angels as Musicians

Which musical instrument is best suited to symbolize the activity of the angels? In the magazine *Orate Fratres*, the Rev. Albert Hammenstede, O.S.B., gives a positive answer to this question. In a serious and edifying article on "The Holy Angels" he states:

"There is only one musical instrument that is suited to symbolize the mysteriously powerful activity of the angels, and it is mentioned in Holy Scripture and by Our Lord Himself. It is the trombone. 'And He (the Son of Man) shall send His angels with a trumpet, and a great voice.' (Matt. 24:31). . . . 'For the Lord Himself shall come down from heaven with commandment, and with the voice of an archangel, and with the trumpet of God.'" (I Thess. 9:15).

nocturne messianic

A star
wandering lost, wandering far
came,
carrying a beam of wild flame
where spokes of thatch
latch
a cave crushed under white lawn
and laid it thereon,
tame.

She whose name
is as the pouring out of oil,
her soul strung
with an unblown melody that rung
of minstrelsy of old and royal
and thus sung:

"Child of the Star,
list what lulling lullabies
the fading Glorias are;
sleep on, on,
for distant chime and carillon
have begun,
distilling all things bitter
into one tiny crystal glitter
on your cheek,
my Son."

— J. G. Duyn



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On Our Lady's Christmas

It would help shut-ins considerably to bear their lot with patience if they would frequently ponder the truth that physical pain and incapacity are not the only forms of suffering in the world. Especially at Christmas time, this lesson should come home to them as they think of the kind of suffering that God permitted His own Mother to endure.

Mary was not physically ill; indeed she was not even asked to experience the ordinary pangs of childbirth in giving birth to her divine Son. But there were many other causes of sorrow thrust upon her, and so great was her understanding of the fruitfulness of pain that they never for a moment destroyed or weakened her cheerfulness and peace.

She bore her Son without pain, and that was easy; but she bore Him in a stable and laid Him in a manger, and that was inconceivably hard. With normal maternal instincts, she must have dreamed of a warm home, of a clean bed, of nice clothes for her Baby; but only the reeking stable and the steaming straw and the sweat-worn bands were hers to give the Child. All the shut-in's discomforts seem slight compared to the sorrow of Mary; yet Mary accepted her lot with peace and with joy.

She longed, as only a mother can long, for the safety and security of her Child. Yet shortly after His birth she was awakened from sleep to hear the fateful message that the soldiers of Herod were abroad in the night seeking her Child to destroy Him. She was strong and healthy indeed; but what must have been the trembling fear with which she took Him from His cradle and clutched Him to her bosom and ran through the night—far, far away not only from the danger, but from all that she held dear. The shut-in may feel lonely at times, but what a lonely night it was for Mary when she crossed the borders of Egypt and settled among strangers in a strange land.

So in every incident of the life of Mary, there is a lesson of strength and encouragement for the shut-in. No, physical pain is not the worst form of suffering. There are keener swords for the healthy and heavier burdens for them whose bodies are whole and strong. But whatever the suffering God permits, it has a purpose; and as Mary's sorrows partook in the work of redemption, so can the sufferings of every shut-in in the world today.

Letter from Yokohama

A peek into one of the bombed cities of Japan, by a chaplain of the American forces, and a heart-warming picture of an island of faith and hope in the ruins.

C. Duhart

IT WAS home again! For twenty months, since leaving the Hawaiian Islands, I had been away from home, except for a brief interlude. But here in the Church of the Sacred Heart amidst the scarred remains of Yokohama, I was at home again.

We Catholics know that our Church is always and in all places the same. And yet it is always a joyous surprise to discover anew, in the midst of a thousand things that are different, that the Catholic Church is always so entirely the same.

On *Espiritu Santo* in the New Hebrides, I had experienced the same elation in the Mission Church of St. Michael. This was the brief interlude of being at home mentioned above.

We were a foursome who set out for a tour of exploration of the Yokohama area: a priest (the Catholic Chaplain of the 106th Infantry Regiment), a convert to the Catholic Faith, a non-Catholic officer who is being instructed in the Catholic faith, and a Jewish Red Cross Director.

There really wasn't much to see unless you consider destruction something worth seeing. Yokohama was a bomb-scarred ruin, where the scars were more numerous than the sound flesh. The industrial area was eaten right out of the center of a city whose prewar population reached one million people. There was no buying or selling, principally because there was nothing to buy or sell. Paper money was useless, because here we were face to face with a fundamental fact

that signaturred currency is not wealth—only food, clothing, shelter, raw materials constitute real wealth. We saw numbers of men, women and children scurrying amidst the ruins, bolstering up their six by six tin-topped lean-tos.

And then in the midst of the devastation of war, we sighted the eternal symbol of peace—a white steeple, surmounted by a cross, reaching into the sky. It rose from a hill set high above the ruined city—the everlasting conqueror of death and destruction.

A winding road brought us quickly to 44 Yamate. Above the address were the words "Church of the Sacred Heart," and I knew we were on the threshold of home. The churchyard was surrounded by a well-painted metal fence. Before entering the church, we went toward the rear to seek out its pastor.

The rectory was clean and tidy; we could see that as a Japanese housekeeper, wearing a Catholic medal around her neck, ushered us into the sitting room. On the table were books in Japanese, French, and English—many of them stories of the Maryknoll Missions.

After a short wait, a stately, dignified, upright, middle-aged priest walked into the room and gave us a hearty welcome. His first question was whether we could speak French. On receiving a negative reply, he began to speak a somewhat halting but easily understood English. His name was Pere Edward Mangerre of the Foreign

Mission Society of Paris. He had been in Japan for twenty-two years, most of the time in Hokkaido, the northernmost of the Japanese home-land islands.

There followed for us one of the most interesting and instructive hours we had spent in a long time. Here was a source of intelligence that American G 2 (Intelligence) could have tapped with far greater advantage than many of their usual sources of information on Japanese psychology. Father Mangenre knew the people through the closest daily associations of twenty-two years. And his warning that we must learn two things about the Japanese, the "face" and the "heart," might well be made the basic principle for any theorizing on Japanese psychology.

He was glad to speak to us — his ready willingness to anticipate questions was evidence of that. It was strange to hear that on August 13th, three days after Japan put out her surrender feelers, the people were told and believed that America was in agony. They evidently believe that it was a case of two nations being terribly mangled, and that the Emperor, out of love for his people, brought peace into their land. I was of course intensely interested in the future of the Catholic Church in Japan, and asked many questions along that line. He assured us that the apostolate was most difficult, but he left no doubt in our minds about his feelings toward his people and his work when he said he would not trade it for anything in the world. He was deeply in love with his people, despite the uphill work of battling against traditions that are grounded in the very heart of Japanese civilization.

He went on to speak of the Japanese Catholic Bishop of Toyko and the seminary located in the same place; told of two priests who were killed in the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. We were somewhat surprised to learn that he had been comparatively free in the conduct of his parish during the war years. But some notion of his position was gained from his account of the murder of the Apostolic Administrator of Yokohama by a Japanese policeman only a few weeks previously. In the main, however, the Catholic missionaries are held in great respect by the people. The reason is not difficult to find. The Japanese have the profoundest veneration for unstinted devotion to a cause, a devotion that does not count the cost of sacrifice. Their own cause has been wrong, but respect for those who are willing to sacrifice is most natural for them.

Only the absolute necessity of returning to our bivouac area at Zama Military Academy could tear us away from this most interesting missionary. Before we took our leave of the rectory, he showed us a terribly deformed left hand which he explained was a relic of the First World War when he served in the French Artillery, handling one of the famed French 75s.

Next we went on a tour of the interior of the church. It was charming — so neat and clean after the devastation we had seen in the heart of Yokohama. We would have walked into the same kind of church in New York or Chicago or San Francisco or Pottsville. Everything was mute evidence of loving care which could not tolerate the least untidiness or lack of decorum around the sacred place. A winding stairway led up

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into a beautiful pulpit which overlooked a seating capacity of about five hundred. Confessionals were at the side and rear. Paintings of Japanese martyrs decorated the side altars. There were two crypts in the church. Their inscriptions informed us that they enclosed the remains of the missionary who founded the church and a pastor who had died during the terrible earthquake of the twenties.

The center of everything in the church, of course, was the Tabernacle and its divine presence. It was good to see the red sanctuary lamp again, telling all that Jesus Christ was at home to guests.

We completed our visit by taking a few pictures of Father Mangenre and a Japanese philosophy student of the Toyko Seminary before a Lourdes shrine on his side lawn. It

was with deep regret at leaving so soon that I shook Father Mangenre's hand and received his blessing. Association with heroes has been a common experience during these years with the infantry, but here was a hero who could easily hold his own with the greatest of the great—and he was one of many like him.

As we prepared to drive away, we paused for a moment on this hill overlooking the whole ruins of Yokohama. There, everything was reminiscent of war and destruction and death. Here, near this Catholic Church, everything spoke of peace and serenity and a philosophy of life which alone can end forever such scenes as lay below.

I had been back home for a few hours. A deep happiness filled my heart.

Check Your Answer

A poet was once strolling near the outskirts of a large city when he came upon a stone quarry. For a time he watched the operations in the big hole—the blasting, the removal of stone out of the pit, and finally the actual cutting of the stone. After a time, he engaged the workmen in conversation. He asked three men the same question:

"What are you doing?"

The first said: "I am earning five dollars a day."

The second said: "I am cutting stone, can't you see?"

The third, however, lifted up his head and said with a joyous smile: "I am building a cathedral."

All the Same

A man we know was standing on a corner in a certain city when a stranger came up to him and inquired:

"Can you tell me where I can find the C.I.O. Bank?"

"The what?" asked our friend.

"The C.I.O. Bank," insisted the stranger.

"Frankly, I never heard of a C.I.O. Bank in this town," admitted the man on the corner. Suddenly a light dawned. "You don't by any chance mean the Union Bank, just across the street there, do you?"

"That's it," said the relieved inquirer. "I knew it was something I belonged to."

The Price of Peace

Some forthright thoughts about an indispensable condition for lasting peace.

E. F. Miller

THE men who were overseas have their own solution for a just and lasting peace. And they should know, for they are the only ones who had a close-up view of the nations who were engaged in the war. While all of them, these soldiers, are hoping that a World Court will work, they are not too confident about it. They saw the Germans try to enforce their will by disciplinary action which included torture and death; and they saw such methods fail. If one nation failed to keep the peace within its own boundaries by these methods, they ask, how can a group of nations hope to keep the peace in the world, using the same methods? Having to resort to arms every ten years to keep the world quiet is little different essentially from setting up a concentration camp. The same misery follows.

And while the soldiers are aware of the words *justice* and *charity*, they do not know enough about them in a technical sense to be able to fit them into their proper places in the puzzle of international disorder. Anyway, *justice* and *charity*, as they are preached to them, are things out of this world, not practical, certainly not practicable.

But their solution has its foundation in *justice* and *charity*. And that, even though they do not realize it. And they draw their conclusions from experience. A few examples of their experience will prove the point.

In England they were led to believe by the attitude of many of the people that the British Empire was the greatest thing in all the world.

The British Empire must be kept at all costs. England shall never die. And so on. One was almost led to believe that there was some supernatural value in being an Englishman and not an Indian or a Mexican.

In France the soldiers could not speak with a Frenchman without immediately noting that France had sacred soil too, just like Germany, and that La belle France was more like a consecrated altar or a tabernacle than an area covered with mud and sand just like any other country. When the landing was made on the beaches of southern France, and a unit of Frenchmen, who had been exiled in Africa, came ashore with the Americans, one of the first things they did was to kneel down, not to pray for peace necessarily, but greedily to grab up handfuls of sand (sacred soil) in order to kiss it and press it against their cheeks. Furthermore, the red, white and blue tricolor almost always waved above the cross on the church steeples. And when some character or other was buried from Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, huge national flags hung from the ceiling to the floor all over the beautiful church, practically blotting out the sanctuary. What kind of a business is that for the establishment of world peace?

In Germany, even some of the heroic ecclesiastics who had opposed the Nazis all along, insisted that they were still Germans; and let no man, not even an American, forget that. Pastor Niemüller, who had spent so many years in the terrible prison at Dachau, near Munich, for his oppo-

sition to the National Socialists, made a speech along those lines to the Americans just before he was to go on a tour telling the people of the world about the sadistic tendencies of the Nazis. Of course, his tour was called off. *Deutschland über alles!*

When the Americans went through Italy, they saw nothing but destruction, poverty and a great deal of immorality. The people were starving and in consequence many of them would stop at nothing in order to find bread. In some of the villages and cities the filth and dirt were so thick that one could hardly walk about without being contaminated. The Americans made comparisons. They thought of their own country, filled, as it were, with milk and honey. They thought of their own villages, clean, prosperous and well-run. And they said: This place is a sink-hole. There is no place like America. There is no people like the American people. Americans are the finest people in the world. Nobody else, in anything, can come near them.

When people of a nation think that they are the best people in the world, whether it be because of race, prosperity or tradition, or just because they belong to a certain nationality, it always follows that they think their neighbors inferior to them. This is the sin of pride. Arrogance grows out of the corruption of pride. And wars most certainly are the blossoms, the poisonous blossoms, of arrogance.

Nationalism is a virtue if it is kept in its proper place. The Pope more than once has supported its claims, and praised peoples for clinging to it. But nationalism should be no more to the people of a nation than self-respect is to an individual within a nation. Nationalism is a virtue, and

like all virtues it must be rooted in humility. The present brand of nationalism is not rooted in humility.

Acute and stupid nationalism *must* be curbed if we are to have peace in our times. And every soldier who has lived for any length of time amongst Europeans will say the same, even though he himself has not always practiced what he preached and believed. People must treat their neighbors as neighbors, as people, as men and women and children, and not as Germans or Italians or Jews or Americans. And they must elect leaders who have these same ideas.

Furthermore, the innumerable monuments that a nation erects to its victories as well as to its defeats should be torn down, or rather supplanted by monuments that show how its people got on with other nations, and not how the people conquered or were conquered by another nation. Paris and London are cities of monuments to war. The children see these wretched memorials and come to the conclusion, as children always do, that there is a certain glory in being a soldier. They buy cap pistols, they wear cast-off helmets, they make slurring remarks in lisping language about the people across the border. This is because monuments to war never show the blood, the agony, the indescribable misery that comprise war itself. They only flatter the vanity of the nation; they only glorify what is downright silly.

There are times when war is necessary; there are even times when it is a glorious thing to die for one's country. But such times seldom arise from the narrow attitude: *My country, right or wrong*. It is feared that such is the attitude amongst most nations today. And so peace is still far off.

Stalin vs. Franco

Some of the things that must be kept in mind, while the denunciations of Spain's Franco still fill the air.

R. J. Miller

AN ALL-OUT effort is being made from Moscow to railroad the United States into breaking off diplomatic relations with Franco Spain. Many honest people have been caught in the flood of propaganda incidental to this campaign; and no doubt some of them are convinced that the Spanish people need a change of government, even aside from any pressure from Moscow.

It may be that the Spanish people do need such a change. Practically everything we hear in the United States about the Franco government is unfavorable, and some of it may be true.

For that matter, the people of Russia also need a change of government. If we are going to start changing the governments of the world around when they do not come up to the American democratic standard, where better could we start than with the bloody dictatorship of Moscow?

The Russians were our allies in the war, it is true. Without the fact of their mighty victories over Hitler in the East, England and the United States might now be vassal states of "Greater Germany."

But while giving full credit to the Russian armies for their contribution to the defeat of Hitler, and recognizing that they did so as our allies, we must note as a matter of plain history that they were very unwilling allies. They did not enter the war in order to do the United States a good turn. The historical fact is that they just happened to be our allies because Hitler

chose to invade Russia, as he chose later to declare war on the United States. When Moscow had a chance to do us a good turn by giving us bases in Russia to aid in the Japanese campaign, Moscow turned us down. We received no help whatever from that quarter in our Pacific campaign until the war was practically won. Then it suited Moscow, of course, "to stab its neighbor in the back," as a certain great personage once described a similar maneuver earlier in World War II.

The Franco government of Spain, on the other hand, adopted a policy during the Allied campaign in Africa which was of great importance to the success of the campaign. Without that favorable policy, as Prime Minister Churchill himself asserted, the invasion of Africa could hardly have been attempted.

Nevertheless, Soviet Russia is a friendly nation; so we shall not meddle with its internal affairs. But Spain is an unfriendly power; so we are urged to take a hand in giving the Spanish people the kind of government the American people think the Spanish people ought to have.

Certain considerations of friendliness and gratitude keep us from telling the Russians what is wrong with their government, and urging them to get rid of Stalin and the Communists, — even though we are convinced that Stalin and the Communists are the worst thing for Russia and the world.

Are there no considerations of any kind that should make us hesitate to

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meddle in the internal affairs of Spain, even granting that its present government leaves much to be desired from the American point of view?

During the months since V-E Day and V-J Day the people of the United States have undergone a decided change of attitude toward their Russian allies. Where before there was indifference, tolerance, even admiration, there now is suspicion and dislike. The Soviet leaders have shown themselves so intent on having their own way, and that way has been revealed so clearly as one completely hostile to the American way in its ruthless violation of every fundamental human right, that Americans have begun to resent actively every threatened advance of Soviet power in Europe and in the world.

The American people, however, have not yet begun to consider the connection between ousting the Franco government in Spain and the advance of Soviet power in Europe. Such a connection does exist. Stalin sees it; indeed, it is maintained at Stalin's constant instigation. So, regardless of the present condition of affairs in Spain, before we take it upon ourselves to intervene and tell the Spanish people how to run their own country, it is a connection which deserves serious consideration.

The Communist Party is banned in Spain. While it works freely almost everywhere else in the world, it cannot gain a foothold in Franco's Spain.

Is not this a consideration to give us pause before we become violent with Mr. Franco, — especially in the light of our new knowledge of Communist repression in the countries of Eastern Europe? Franco may be bad, but he co-operated with the Allies in the African campaign. Would Stalin

be any better, and after what we have seen of Soviet co-operation at San Francisco and London, do we want to give it a new jumping-off place on the west coast of Europe and at the gateway to the Mediterranean?

The banning of Communists in Spain, by the way, gives new meaning to the curious fact that during the past few years the news reports carried in American newspapers on the evils of the Franco regime in Spain often did not originate from that country, but carried as their date line some such out-of-the-way place as Cairo, Ankhara, or Teheran, where Soviet stooges had publicity agencies, and were of course in a favorable position to know what was going on inside Spain.

But, it may be asked, will the ousting of Franco necessarily mean the coming to power of the Communists in Spain?

That is exactly what Mr. Josef Stalin wants. Franco stops him. Who else will?

The story goes back a long time. When Lenin took his famous train ride in a sealed coach from Switzerland to Russia in 1917 at the expense of the Imperial German Government, his avowed purpose was: "I shall set Europe on fire at both ends." Russia first, then Spain and Portugal. Russia in 1917, Spain —. But Lenin did not live to light his torch in Spain. Stalin, his successor, took up the work in 1931, 1934, 1936. But in 1936 the Spanish people rose under Franco and drove the Communists out of Spain — the only complete and final defeat administered to Stalin thus far in his career.

What this humiliation meant to him is evident in the repeated declarations, threats, denunciations

directed against Franco Spain from Soviet headquarters at every possible opportunity. Stalin has a score to settle with Franco, and it would be strange indeed if he were not out to settle it. And what the settling of that score would mean in Spain can be faintly gathered from Soviet policies in Poland, where the Russians came not as avengers, but as the "forces of liberation."

As a matter of fact, the vociferous demonstrations staged from time to time in order to put pressure on the American State Department carry their label plainly enough: "Made in Moscow."

There was, for instance, the mass meeting at Madison Square Garden on January 2, 1945. "A group of American sympathizers" with Spain organized the affair, and set up another group to which they gave the name "The Friends of Spanish Democracy." But the high light of the evening's proceedings was a message cabled from England to the assembled friends and sympathizers by Dr. Juan Negrin — the same Dr. Juan Negrin, by a strange coincidence, who was the last Premier of the Spanish Republic before Franco; and under whose republican regime the Communists had enjoyed free play to do in Spain the very same things which the American press now denounces as savage barbarism in Eastern Europe.

Another such mass meeting was held in Paris during October, 1945, following a convention when labor unionists from all the world (except from the American Federation of Labor) met to form a World Federation of Trade Unions. By another strange coincidence, the Russian labor unions (so-called) had been very well represented at this convention,

and had secured for themselves a prominent share, to say the least, of the high offices in the new WFTU.

Any doubt as to the chances of Moscow and Stalin in an anti-Franco Spanish government must be dispelled, however, when it is remembered that such a government has actually been formed, and is waiting to take over. On August 17, 1945, a group of former Spanish "Loyalists" (i.e., anti-Franco men) met in Mexico City and set up the "Spanish Government in Exile." Whatever the personal affiliations of the men who make up this pretentious "government in exile" (and a Mexican observer calls them "a group of nobodies who represent nobody"), it is the height of naivete or hypocrisy to pretend not to see the hand of Moscow in the move. Mexico City is well known as the center of Communist activity in the Western Hemisphere, and the "Government in Exile" at once had the approval of the Communist dominated Mexican government; the proceedings of the formation of the new "Government in Exile," moreover, took just ten minutes; apparently everything went quite according to plan.

The ousting of Franco in Spain at the behest of the United States is exactly what Stalin wants at this time. It will give him a chance for revenge on Franco and the people who opposed and defeated the Communists in 1936-39; and it will give him access to the gateway of the Mediterranean. Are we going to play along with his game here as we have done in Eastern Europe?

The American people, and especially American newspapermen who have read the bloody record of Communism in Poland and its sister states,

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certainly are unwilling to play along any farther with Brother Stalin. They want less, not more, Communism in Europe. And if they knew — if the fact were stressed more frequently in the American press — that there will be less, not more, Communism in Franco's Spain, certainly they would hesitate before demanding that he turn the country over to his enemies.

In the meantime, by a friendly approach to the problems of Spain, by a judicious use of the economic help

we can give that struggling country, and by honest and helpful diplomacy, perhaps we could do much to remove the taint of totalitarianism from the Spanish government. As it is now, we appear to be scratching the back of a big, powerful, shamelessly unprincipled totalitarian under the guise of friendship, and shaking our fists in the face of a small, weak and only partially totalitarian because we do not need his friendship. That is the most venal kind of statesmanship.

The Letter-Writing Public

The Home Owners' Loan Corporation has an interesting file of correspondence. Here are some excerpts from letters it has received concerning its requirement that photographs of homes be sent in before loans can be given:

"I enclose herewith the front and side of my house as requested."

"Please excuse me for not sending pictures on account of the weather. As soon as the weather is preavailable I will snap the pictures."

"I have received five letters from you asking for pictures of my house. If you want these pictures, please let me know and I will send them."

"I enclose my bungalow, and will send the big house to you as soon as it comes back from the drug store."

Drab Sunset

The artist takes no notice;
The poet-pens despise;
All nature shuts its eyelids,
Ignoring your demise.

No brilliant blaze of glory,
No majesty of hue,
A red round yawn of sunlight
Descends beyond our view.

No file of clouds attend you,
You wear no robes of gold
While sinking to your chamber
To let the night unfold.

No crown is yours this evening,
Your throne is painful grey;
But oh, the morrow's sunrise
Will recompense today.

J. PEIFER



Side Glances

By the Bystander

A clue to the reason for the sad state of the world impressed itself forcibly on our mind in a recent incident. A Catholic young man had made an unfortunate marriage. It was a valid marriage, with no loopholes for escape into freedom to marry again so long as the wife remained alive. She had left him flatly, with no explanation other than that she was tired of him. Our young man was talking of what a tough future lay before him to a friend, an elderly Catholic woman, reputed among her friends to be as good a Catholic as any. She listened to his statement of how, as a Catholic, he would be unable now ever to have a wife and children and a home; of how he was bound to the woman who had left him till death. Here was the so-called run-of-the-mill Catholic woman's answer: "You wouldn't really let that stop you from marrying again, would you? You wouldn't really let that bother you, would you?"

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"Don't let it bother you!" Shrug off your principles; bury your conscience; take what you want, as the song says, when you want it. "You wouldn't let that bother you" says the business man to his conscientious partner, when the latter raises a moral objection to a shady deal. "Don't let it bother you" says the husband to the wife when his proposal of contraception as an easy way out of many worries is met with a reference to the law of God. "You wouldn't let that stop you" says the young man to the young woman who suggests God's law as standing in the way of their mutual sensual indulgence. In other words, be good when it pays and be bad when it pays; don't bother about anything else. "Think nothing of it" says the precinct captain to the rank and file policeman who speaks of duty in the face of an opportunity to take a bribe. "You're not going to let that stand in your way" says one lawyer to another, who hesitates to accept a lucrative case because he will be defending an injustice. "Why be bothered about that?" says the lobbyist to the legis-

lator who suggests that it isn't exactly right for him to accept a bonus for promoting a certain bill that will enrich the lobbyist's sponsors. "Think nothing of it" says the political ward boss to his candidate who scruples over making down payments for votes.

✂

Americans have been inclined, of late, to do a great deal of moralizing about international affairs. Look at Stalin, they say; he has no conscience; he is not amenable to any kind of principle; he brushes off the moral obligations of promises and agreements with a sardonic shrug. Look at England; she is back again at the old business of preserving the fruits of empire, despite her righteous adherence to the Atlantic Charter. Look at France; look at Holland; look at Brazil and Argentina—see how conscienceless are their aims and methods. Look at our own statesmen, some say, with embittered violence. Look at Roosevelt; look at Truman; look at our ambassadors; how they have hidden things from the people; how they have acted on expediency; how they have desecrated justice, etc., etc., etc. Oh, what a moral people we are, when it is somebody else's morality that is the issue!

We suspect that it is high time that Americans take a humble, penitent look at themselves, at their private lives, and see whether there be any of the don't-let-that-bother-you attitude toward conscience which they so roundly condemn in national and international figures. We have been too much like the thrice divorced and remarried movie star mounting a platform and delivering a lecture on the necessity of monogamy in marriage. We have winked too often at the injustice of small deals involving a hundred dollars to don the garments of righteousness and fulminate against the international deals involving billions. This is not a matter of sterile and fruitless humility either. We get the kind of government and the kind of international relations that we deserve. If we can say, fifty or a hundred

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million strong, "Don't let that bother you" to the voice of conscience in buying and selling, in keeping marriage vows, in fulfilling public and private trusts, we shall have a "Don't let that bother you" attitude toward the same voice of conscience in national and international affairs.

The Christmas season is about the best time of the year for some heavy thinking along these lines. The Son of God became man in order to make the words "Don't let it bother you" stick in any man's throat who wants to use them as a brush-off for his conscience. His stable, His manger, His swaddling clothes, His poverty, His cold, were all meant to be an everlasting bother to the man who is tempted to push his conscience aside. His scourging, His crown of thorns, His nailed hands and feet, His feverish body, His gasping breath, were meant to haunt men with the realization that God is attacked by every sin, be it the sin of a statesman starting a war, or the sin of a middle-class individual committing adultery or underpaying his half dozen employees. His Church, His sacraments, His insistence on prayer, were meant both to teach men what God wants of them, in secret and in public, in small deeds and in large, and to give them the strength to do it though all the forces of hell try to urge the opposite. His heaven and His hell were meant to stare men in the face, to bother them prodigiously, to be the alternatives in every choice between good and evil, between passion and principle. Therefore there is no sense in demanding of human beings who happen to hold some power and authority, that they remember the stable, the manger, the swaddling clothes, the scourges, the thorns, the nails, the sacraments, the heaven and the hell, while all the same things are brushed aside with a "Don't let it bother you" in private lives.

Christmas is therefore essentially a time

for personal action. We have no doubt that many editorials will be written in newspapers and many articles in magazines reminding the "big" people of the world of the meaning of Christmas, or deploring their lack of Christian principles, or begging them to apply the lessons of Christmas to their dealing with nations. It is true that the "big" people, who lack the principles established by Christmas, have a certain amount of power to upset the world, to cause suffering, to promote war. But the first and most powerful step toward changing all that must be taken by the "little" people, the seemingly helpless people, the pushed around and cheated and brow-beaten people. Some of these "little" people are rich and some are poor; some are capitalists and some are workingmen; some are locally influential and some are obscure; some are storekeepers and some are peddlers; some are doctors and lawyers and priests. Whatever they are, they must make of Christmas a personal thing; they must see in it a call to the first and most important thing in life, viz., a determination to eliminate from their own lives every trace of hypocrisy, every smudge of sin, every impulse to deceit and injustice, and to do that for the love of Christ and the salvation of their souls. Christmas is the time for good confessions, with forward looking resolves that are not to be shaken by the first tropical breeze that offers a big pleasure or gain for a little sin. Christmas is the time for holiness to get a new hold on private lives; for men and women to decide that they won't stop short of sanctity in desiring to match the all-out generosity of God. They will find peace in that, such as atomic bombs and aggressive dictators and unprincipled statesmen will never be able to disturb; but they will also be destroying the atomic bomb, and writing the doom of dictators, and ending hypocrisy and expediency and double-dealing in their own leaders.

Who's Afraid?

It sounds a bit cynical, but maybe this anonymous criticism of present day schools hits off the truth:

"The trouble with schools today is that the teachers are afraid of the principal, the principal is afraid of the superintendent, the superintendent is afraid of the school board, the school board is afraid of the parents, the parents are afraid of the children, and the children are not afraid of anybody."



Catholic Anecdotes

Relief

This happened in Wurzburg, Germany. An American soldier was standing guard outside a tremendous hospital in which a number of SS troopers were convalescing after having been seriously wounded. He had been overseas for more than two years, and was dreaming of the day when he would return home to his family.

Suddenly another GI drove up and handed a cablegram to the soldier on guard. It was a Red Cross message, announcing the death of his father a few days before. Father and son had been very close, and the guard broke into tears as the shock of the news came home to him. Then, looking up at the man who had brought the message, he said:

"Will you do me a favor? Come with me into that chapel across the street."

Stationing another soldier at his guard post, he led the way into the chapel. The two men knelt down in one of the pews, and the one who had lost his father began the rosary. The other answered. When the last *Glory be to the Father* was finished, they genuflected and left the chapel, and the bereaved soldier took over his post again.

GI Zeal

In the midst of the discrimination against Japanese Americans in the United States, a strange scene took place during the bloody campaign in Northern Italy. A U. S. Army Cath-

olic chaplain had just finished Mass for his troops in a rather battered looking church and was taking off his vestments when three dirty and unshaved soldiers put in their appearance before him. They were two American soldiers, and an American Japanese.

"We have here," said the two American born soldiers almost in unison, while they pointed to the third, "a lad who wishes to be baptized a Catholic. And it has to be done fast because we are going on a very dangerous patrol together as soon as it gets dark."

The chaplain turned to the soldier desiring baptism. He questioned him thoroughly on the Creed, the Sacraments, the ten commandments, and the other things that must be known by Catholics. To his amazement, he discovered that the boy, who had been a Buddhist, knew the catechism better than does the average born Catholic. On inquiring into the matter, he found that the other two soldiers had been instructing him for weeks, sometimes in the very front lines and in between bursts of combat.

Without more ado, the priest produced the things necessary for baptism, and made the young man a Christian. Immediately afterwards the three young dirty and unshaved soldiers disappeared into the rapidly falling darkness. Perhaps they died that night—the priest never found out. If they did, he knew that there were three new saints in heaven.



Pointed Paragraphs

Sophomoric Wisdom

"Sophomoric" is an adjective used to describe a show of knowledge without substance, a seizing upon age-old clichés as if they were brilliantly new expressions of truth, a jumping to conclusions from unproved and sometimes unprovable premises. For an object lesson in the "sophomoric" kind of thinking, we take you now to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* editorial columns of a month or so ago, where you will find about as raw a bit of printed pap as ever appeared in solemn guise.

The editorial to which we refer quotes an advertisement widely disseminated by an industrial corporation, which in turn quotes an editorial from a daily newspaper, to the astounding effect that "the health of the nation's children is more important than atomic energy." After preening and puffing over this cataclysmic expression of primer truth, the *Post-Dispatch* righteously enunciates the following nonsense:

"This is the authentic word of religion; but who is the spokesman? Strangely enough, it is not the Vicar of Christ, speaking from his throne by the Tiber. It is not the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, issuing a statement from its headquarters by the Hudson. It is not even the American Unitarian Association, sending forth its message from the crest of Beacon Hill. It wasn't any of these 'official' spokes-

men of 'official' religion that saw the opportunity which the dramatic news about atomic energy presented and rose to it with prophetic insight and skill. On the contrary, it was a corporation . . . giving nationwide publicity to the editorial opinion of a secular newspaper, that spoke the necessary word, using the language and the methods of modern business."

That, friends, is the acme of the "sophomoric." If we were the professor of this sophomore editorial writer, we would write on the bottom of his exercise, before handing it back to him:

"You must learn not to make such general statements about things of which you are ignorant. Read any encyclical of a Pope and you'll find him saying, in one way or another, but more forcefully than all the methods of modern business can devise, that the health and welfare of children is more important than atomic energy. Drop into any Catholic Church and listen to almost any sermon and you'll hear the same thing. Talk to the leaders of any one of a hundred Catholic organizations and you'll find that they have been putting that truth into practice since before you were born. In your next exercise, don't talk through your hat!"

The Better Phrase

David Lawrence, in an excellent opinion in his excellent review, *The*

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United States News, makes a suggestion that is worth boosting into a campaign in which all who are sincerely eager for economic justice and peace might take part. He suggests that the phrase "collective bargaining" is an unfortunate one as representative of a right belonging to workingmen. Far better, he says, would be something like "collective conference" as both the expression of the right of labor and of the goal to be aspired to in industrial dispute.

The more you think about it, the more you realize how helpful the change of terms would be. "Collective bargaining," as Lawrence rightly points out, holds implications of contentiousness, division, opposition between capital and labor. It brings to mind the ideas of trickery, shrewd manipulation, all but physical force, to be used by the disagreeing parties. It puts a premium on clever wits and on the power to hurt and harm, and as it has been working out in practice, it perpetuates scheming and plotting even after a bargain has been made.

How much better it would be if the term "collective conference" or "collective planning" could be used as the goal of union activity and the duty of ownership and management. Bargains are always bargains, and they imply merely passing agreements, with the right always retained of going back to the previous standard price or the traditional *status quo* once more. What capital and labor need, to have peace and prosperity, is not such momentary agreements, but a state of mutual co-operation, a persevering will to mutual planning, a condition of open-minded and open-handed discussion of the problems of one another.

Someone will say that this is opti-

mistic and idealistic beyond all reality; that, as things are, the best workingmen's unions can expect from some capitalists is grudging bargains, and the best capital can hope for from some unions is the same. We answer that there would be a powerful moral suasion in the universal use of a term that always reminded both sides of what they should be doing.

Anyway, let's have less of collective *bargaining*, in the contentious sense, and more of collective *conference* and *planning* between capital and labor.

Soap Shortage

We happened to be on a troop train on its way to Fort Sheridan, the Separation Center. The several hundred soldiers who made up its passenger list had just arrived from Europe, where they had spent the better part of three years. Of course, the eyes of the men were glued to the windows as the train passed through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Illinois. The men did not like everything that they saw.

One such thing was a certain class of girls. They were dressed in a way that was unusual, to say the least. Instead of dresses they were wearing overalls, the legs turned up till they reached the knees. Over their shoulders they wore sweat shirts, not tucked into the overalls, but hanging loose, crazily and sloppily. Their hair was studiously uncombed, hanging stringily around their ears and on their necks. Their faces appeared to be dirty; but in the midst of the dirt they had painted their lips a brilliant red. I say that the soldiers did not like it, and not a few cat calls and boos resounded from the cars.

American girls have been wondering, so the report had it in Europe,

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why the soldiers preferred Italian, French and German girls to their own at home. Perhaps the above is the reason. No man in his right senses would consider the type of girl he saw or sees almost on every corner these days as a person with enough sense to boil water. In fact most men, at least the returned soldiers, think that they must have bats in their belfry.

Seeds of War

One of the greatest surprises to the soldiers returning from points afar is the struggle raging in the newspapers about the admission of the negro, Jackie Robinson, to the ranks of professional baseball. It seems inconceivable to them that after the war which was fought to kill discrimination against race and religion, we should have discrimination against color right here on our home grounds.

While at the height of their power the Nazis put out an illustrated magazine in which they belabored in print and pictures the policy in America of treating the negro as though he were no better than a dog. Many soldiers saw this magazine. And so when some fancy newspaper feature writer dubbed it as the usual German propaganda, they knew at once that it was not propaganda, but that it was the truth, even though spoken by men who did not know what the truth was. Now they know that it was the truth; and they are disgusted. They ask: "What did we fight for? Why should we fight again if the government asks us to?"

This fact may not be pleasant to American minds, but European girls were just as friendly to colored soldiers as they were to white soldiers.

And just as many little children were seen playing with colored soldiers as were seen playing with white soldiers. And this was true of German girls and German children too, who are supposed to be the world's greatest discriminators.

Perhaps we can learn a lesson from the vanquished. Perhaps we can expect to be taken seriously in our high sounding speeches about democracy and the four freedoms when we start to put our words into action. Any American who treats a negro as though he were the scum of the earth is no better than the Nazi who treated the Jews as though they were the scum of the earth. If enough Americans act like that, our country shall have the same sad experience as Germany.

Training for Peace

Rationing has proved to non-Catholics just how hard a time, or how easy a time Catholics have in living up to their religion. At any rate it has proved to the world that there can be a good reason for not eating meat, even though the meat itself is completely good.

Catholics do not eat meat on Friday, not in order that they may keep the world in good running order, but that they may keep themselves in good running order. And they feel that if every man, woman and child were in good running order as individuals, that is, if they had perfect control of their passions, if they could say "no" to temptations, and if they had the courage to do positive good even when they were not obliged to do so, the world would get on pretty well without universal rationing of meat.



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EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

St. Alphonsus founded the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer to labor among those whom he called "the most abandoned souls." In the Italy of his days, among the most ignorant, poorest and least cared for by the ministrations of a priest were the shepherds and goat herdsmen of the Ligurian hills. The Saint and other Redemptorist pioneers went out among these poor people, instructing them and bringing them the consolation of the Sacraments. A liberally-educated man, St. Alphonsus was a

talented musician and poet. And like a true Apostle he employed even these talents in the salvation of poor, abandoned shepherds. It was to the Ligurian herdsmen that he first taught his beautiful, lilting hymns. Many of them have since become traditional folk songs, and the shepherds would sing them while at work. Some are still remembered and sung by Italian people all over the world, especially this beautiful hymn to the Infant Jesus, his "Tu scendi dalle Stelle":

To the Infant Jesus

O King of heaven, Who rulest stars untold
What made Thee choose the cave, the ice, the cold!
O lovely Infant and divine,
I see Thee trembling here.
O great God, my belov'd!
What pain it cost, Thyself to me to endear!

Thou, Who dost clothe the world and light the sphere,
My Lord, for clothing want'st, art warmed by steer.
Dear chosen, beauteous Child,
How Thy poverty inflames, —
Enamors me but more!
For, poor for love, now my love Thou canst claim.

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Thou leavest Thy Father's bosom, happiness without flaw,
To suffer here this night upon a little straw.

O Love of my heart,

To what has love reduced Thee?

O Jesus, all mine!

Why dost Thou suffer thus? — 'tis but for love of me!

But if it was Thy will this suffering to embrace,

What makes Thee cry and weep, why not Thy tears erase?

My tender Spouse, lov'd God,

Jesus, I Thee thus espy.

Ah! My Master dear,

Not pain, but love alone transforms Thine eye!

Not for Thyself Thou weep'st, but for ungrateful me,

For after such great love, I've little love for Thee.

O Delight of my poor heart!

If e'er I've spurned Thy love,

For Thee alone I burn.

I love Thee, now I love Thee, weep no more, Belov'd!

O Infant Child, Thine eyes, tight-closed, but veil

A watching heart that may not any hour fail.

O lovely Lamb and pure,

What thoughts are Thine, oh, tell me?

O love undying!

One purpose Mine, He answers, to die for love of thee!

Then 'tis Thine only thought, my God, to die for me:

What then can I, Lord, love but only Thee?

O Mother of Jesus, my hope,

Tho weak my love for thy Jesus,

Do not deny me this!

Thyself for me supply, should I fail to love Him thus.

BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHORS

John Henry Cardinal Newman 1801-1890

I. Life:

John Henry Newman, the son of a London banker, was born on February 21, 1801. Even as a shy, quiet and serious youth he became a leader of men by the power of his thought and personality. In 1816 he began his studies at Oxford with which he was to be intimately associated for the next 26 years. He was ordained as an Anglican clergyman in 1824. After graduation he began to teach and preach at the University. Along with some friends he began the Oxford Movement which had for its purpose the reform of the Established Church of England by eliminating the errors of the Protestant Reformation. Some twenty years after the beginning of the Oxford Movement, Newman entered the Catholic Church on October 9, 1845. He then went to Rome where he was ordained in 1846. On returning to England he established a branch of the Oratory in Birmingham. His life was spent in teaching, preaching and writing. For a short while he was Rector of the projected Catholic University of Ireland. Pope Leo XIII bestowed the honor of the Cardinalate on him in 1879 as a reward for his untiring efforts in the cause of the Church. Cardinal Newman died at the age of 89 on August 11, 1890. This year the English-speaking world celebrated the centenary of his conversion on October 9.

II. Writings:

With Cardinal Newman the Catholic literary revival began in the English language. He was the first man of genius in modern times to turn the power of language to

the service of Catholic truth and doctrine. By his writings he showed that the English language could be used to build a distinctively Catholic literature. His clear and majestic style has won high praise even from those not of the Faith; by it he has been acknowledged as one of the masters of English prose.

The main preoccupation of his writing has been to make Catholic doctrine intelligible to the modern man. Newman was concerned with explaining the truths of religion even as an Anglican. *Parochial and Plain Sermons* were preached to the undergraduates at Oxford before his conversion. The *Apologia* is an honest revelation of the motives of his life occasioned by the charge of insincerity made against him by Charles Kingsley. *The Idea of a University* presents the Catholic philosophy of higher education. Newman writes a novelized account of life in the early Church entitled *Callista*.

III. The Book:

The Present Position of Catholics in England has a very modern appeal. It is an analysis of the great Protestant tradition of hatred for all things Catholic. Such hatred has been built on fables such as the spurious revelations of Maria Monk; it has been kept alive by prejudice; and protected by the forces of ignorance. Cardinal Newman in these lectures given to lay people explains the environment of suspicion and hatred into which they are born. In days of Catholic Action the readers of this work will find themselves better equipped to understand and influence the people they are trying to win over to the Truth and final salvation.

December Book Reviews

Notes on the Spiritual Exercises

Among the papers left by the late Reverend John Kearney, C.S.Sp., were notes and conferences that he intended to incorporate into a book on the spiritual devotions of religious. Rev. Bernard Fennelly, C.S.Sp., a lifelong friend, edited and published these conferences under the title of *My Spiritual Exercises* (Pustet, 272 pp., \$2.25). Five chapters have been added by the editor to complete the list of the ordinary exercises of devotion.

The work is divided into three parts. An introductory chapter gives a practical discussion on the role of the spiritual exercises in the life of a religious. The lack of sanctity in the religious life is attributed, in great part, to the failure to make the proper use of the acts of devotion. The first section of the book treats of prayer as the great means of spiritual enlightenment. Father Kearney brings out some excellent points when he discusses the priority of mental prayer over the active work of the ministry. In the chapter on Liturgical and Private Prayer, the recent Encyclical of Pope Pius XII on the Mystical Body has been used quite extensively by the editor. Spiritual Reading, the Way of the Cross, the Visit to the Blessed Sacrament and the Rosary are the other exercises discussed in the first part.

The chapters in the second section are grouped around the central theme of purification of the soul. Suggestions are given for the fruitful use of the Examen of Conscience. As a guide for the more general examen to be made during the time of retreat, the list of questions that are asked to prove the heroicity of virtues of a Servant of God is given in full. These questions show what the Church considers the various virtues that must be found in one who has attained true sanctity. Those vowed to holiness will find here a very stimulating food for reflection by considering these requirements. Father Kearney also makes valuable remarks that will increase the benefit received from the weekly confession of devotion.

The last part of the book shows the important role that Mass and Communion should play in the daily life of the religious. An epilogue explains the work of the Blessed Virgin in leading souls to her Divine Son. *My Spiritual Exercises* should be read from

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. The *Liguorian* offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

time to time by religious as a means of renewing their efforts to derive as much fruit as possible from the performance of their spiritual devotions.

Pascal and His Sister

A certain mysterious fascination clings to the figure of the great French writer, Pascal. Many books have tried to interpret the many facets of his character. But little or nothing has been written on the close relationship that existed between him and his youngest sister. M. V. Woodgate now tells the story of *Pascal and his Sister Jacqueline* (Herder, 207 pp., \$2.00).

Pascal, the great mathematician and thinker, was greatly influenced in his religious thought and action by his sister, Jacqueline, who had obtained an early renown by her sentimental verses, lived a rather worldly life during her youth. Converted to a religious way of life, she finally won permission from her father to enter the convent. Pascal pleaded with her to remain with him for a longer period, but she resolutely carried out her intention. She became imbued with the false strictness of thought and asceticism taught by the leaders of the ill-fated convent of Port Royal. By her example she influenced Pascal to become an interested member of this group.

Both became involved in the controversy concerning the doctrine held by the founders of the movement. Many Theologians detected the heresy of Jansenism in the way of life and thought of the hermits and nuns of Port Royal. The Jesuit Fathers were the leaders of this opposition. Consequently Pascal launched an attack upon the Jesuits and their moral teaching in a series of pamphlets entitled *The Provincial Letters*. These Letters were bitter and untrue satires on the teaching of doctrine and practice in the Society of Jesus. Among other lies circulated was the falsehood that the Jesuits worked on the principle that "the end justifies the means." The Catholic Church has placed the *Provincial Letters* on the

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Index of Forbidden Books. The Church also condemned as heretical the five propositions taken from the book *Augustinus* by Jansen. Jacqueline never accepted this doctrinal decision of the infallible Church; while Pascal accepted the teaching of the Church and died in union with her.

Pascal's fame rests not on the unfair *Provincial Letters*, but on the scattered notes and fragments of a projected volume of Christian Apologetics. These notes have been published as *The Thoughts of Pascal*. This book reveals him as "the brother of all sinners, of all converts, of all wounded men. His guiding force was his heart, which he possesses in common with God's most humble creatures."

M. V. Woodgate has drawn a very sympathetic portrait of these two souls. In the controversy about the action of the Jesuits and the members of Port Royal the author shows how the Port Royalists were wrong. She rightly censures Jacqueline and Pascal for the stand they took against the Church. One feels, however, that the Jesuit Fathers could receive more credit for the work they did in helping to uproot the Jansenistic doctrines of Port Royal. Although this book makes interesting reading, it leaves the impression that M. V. Woodgate does not too well understand the position of the Jesuits. It will send some readers to the *Thoughts* of Pascal and perhaps to a larger and more authoritative work on the controversy.

New Latin Text of Psalms

J. S. Paluch has placed on the market a new printing of *The New Latin Translation of the Psalms* (200 pp., \$1). It is the translation made by the Professors of the Biblical Institute. Priests will acquire a better understanding of the Psalms from this clearer translation. The format of the book is well done and the price very reasonable.

Three Recent Books of the Month

Commodore Hornblower tells another chapter in the life of C. S. Forester's fictional character. Horatio Hornblower is now Commodore of His Royal Majesty's Baltic fleet during the closing years of the Napoleonic period. It is a tale of battles at sea and diplomacy on land. The person of the hero lives through the power of the author's pen. One or the other passage makes it unsuitable reading for the young.

Pastoral by Nevil Shute is the love story of a young British Flight Officer and an officer in the W.A.A.F's. It is a simple and wholesome tale told against the background of a Bombardier headquarters. It is suitable for general reading.

Up Front is a collection of Bill Mauldin's cartoons. Willie and Joe are infantry men who show the hardships and the realistic humor of the war. The cartoons are critical and caustic, but still show how our men retain their sense of humor amid the dangers of a war in which they do not want to die. Several suggestive cartoons make this suitable only for adults.

Allied Welfare Work

American men and women are becoming conscious of the tremendous job of trying to rehabilitate a world that has been torn asunder by the war. The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration has been assigned the role of helping Europe and China get back on their feet. After the liberation of any area trained workers move in to aid the people. These workers immediately begin to see that adequate food and medical supplies are at hand. Care is taken that the old and homeless are given adequate housing. Displaced persons (some 9 million of them in Germany) are helped in their desire for repatriation. The expenses are financed by the Allied Nations. Each nation is asked to contribute one per cent of its national income for the year ending June 30, 1943. This means that the United States will give 1 billion 350 million dollars. This informative booklet has been especially prepared for clubs that wish to discuss the work of the UNNRA. It may be obtained at 1344 Conn. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Thoughts on the Apostolate

Rev. John J. Hugo has written some incisive notes on the active life in his booklet, *In the Vineyard: Essays on Catholic Action* (Catholic Worker Press, 67 pp., 5 cents). The reason why the external activities of Catholics bear such little fruit is the lack of the interior life as the necessary basis of that activity. Father Hugo lays the foundations for an intense life of prayer which must precede and accompany any apostolic work. The reasoning is cogent and the style is virile. The reading of these essays will undoubtedly make any laborer in the Vineyard more zealous.

Best Sellers

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published by "Best Sellers,"
University of Scranton, Scranton, Pennsylvania

I. Suitable for general reading:

Party Line Baker
American Chronicle — *Baker*
The Blue Danube — *Bemelmans*
The Doctor's Job — *Binger*
Francesca Cabrini — *Borden*
This Bread — *Buchanan*
A Breakfast at the Hermitage — *Crabb*
Patrick Henry and the Frigate's Keel —
Fast
Philadelphia Murder Story — *Ford*
The Folded Leaf — *Maxwell*
The World, the Flesh and Father
Smith — *Marshall*
Beyond Personality — *Lewis*
Now That April's There — *Neumann*
Between Ourselves — *Roche*
A Woman in Sunshine — *Swinerton*
Mr. Tutt Finds a Way — *Train*
General Marshall's Report — *Marshall*
Pillars of the Church — *Maynard*

II. Suitable for adults only because of:

A. *Contents and style too advanced for adolescents:*
Pearls Before Swine — *Allingham*
Enrico Caruso, His Life and Death —
Caruso
On a Note of Triumph — *Corwin*
John Dooley, Confederate Soldier —
Durkin
Freedom Is Only a Word — *Field*
Commodore Hornblower — *Foerester*
The Bond of Peace — *Kent*
Winds, Blow Gently — *Kirkbride*
The Leper King — *Kossak*
These Are the Russians — *Lauterbach*
Claire: A Portrait in Motion — *Samson*
Through Japanese Eyes — *Tolischus*
Pleasant Valley — *Bromfield*
The Best from Yank — *Editors of Yank*
The Outsiders — *Martin*
Watchful at Night — *Fast*
Judd Rankin's Daughter — *Glaspell*
Rumor Hath It — *Hale*
The Short Stories of Henry James —
James
John Henry Newman — *Moody*
Many Long Years Ago — *Nash*
From My Library Walls — *Orcutt*
Rogues' Gallery — *Queen*
The Gauntlet — *Street*

A Well of Fragrant Writers — *Wimsatt*

B. *Immoral incidents or language which do not invalidate the book as a whole:*

G.I. Joe — *Berger*
Time to be Young — *Burnett*
The City of the Trembling Leaves —
Clark
Jennifer's House — *Govan*
A Lion Is in the Streets — *Langley*
The Prisoner — *Lothar*
Ask No Quarter — *Marsh*
Up Front — *Maudlin*
Pride's Way — *Molloy*
Pipe Line — *O'Hara*
Lay that Pistol Down — *Powell*
The Private Adventure of Captain
Shaw — *Shay*
Laughing Stock — *Cerf*
The Egg and I — *McDonald*

III. Unsuitable for general reading but permissible for discriminating adults:

The Young Jefferson — *Bowers*
The Little Company — *Dark*
The Male Hormone — *DeKruif*
The Plot Against Peace — *Sayers*
Daysprings — *Sylvester*
September Remembering — *Taintor*
The Mayfarers — *Wickenden*
American Guerrilla in the Philippines
— *Wolfert*
Germany Is Our Problem — *Morgenthau*

IV. Not recommended to any class of readers:

Coming Home — *Cohen*
The Red-Haired Lady — *Corbett*
Reprieve — *Deeping*
The Best Is Yet — *Ernst*
The Upstart — *Marshall*
The Unknown Murderer — *Reik*
The Middle Span — *Santayana*
Magic Lantern — *Smith*
Dragon Harvest — *Sinclair*
Border City — *Stiwell*
Some of These Days — *Tucker*
I Married Them — *Van Duyen*
The Manatee — *Bruff*
The Human Life of Jesus — *Erskine*
The Silver Tombstone — *Gruber*
Any Number Can Play — *Heth*
Daisy Kenyon — *Janeway*



Lucid Intervals

A police dog decided to take a nip out of the heel of Sam Greenberg. The canine was caught and taken to the Board of Health for examination and Sam to the hospital, for observation. After a few days of tests the victim was informed that they caught the dog and that it was mad.

Sam couldn't contain himself.

"He bites me and HE'S mad yet?"

✽

Some railroad laborers who worked near a golf course were vastly intrigued by the game. They saw a golfer knock the ball into a rut and have a hard time extricating it. Then he got into a sand trap and well-nigh failed to get out.

At length he got a good shot and the ball trickled directly into the cup. Whereupon an Irish laborer who had watched the previous difficulties said sympathetically:

"Now, mister, yez *arre* in a terrible fix!"

✽

And how Dave Warfield could tell this one about the pinochle game—he put feeling into it. They bid Hyman Cohen up to Six Hundred and he dropped dead.

A committee was immediately formed to break the news to his wife, who was against her husband playing cards. Sempleman was to be the spokesman to tell the sad news, gently.

When she came out to answer the door bell, the committeeman started off in this fashion. "Mrs. Cohen, we was all sitting around playing a tiny game of pinochle, and your husband Hyman started to bid and—"

"My husband was playing cards?" she yelled. "Better he should drop dead."

"He did—goodbye!"

✽

The Rockaway Express was taking the three partners to the beach. Suddenly Gregory Fishberg let loose a yell.

"We left the safe open in the office!"

"What are you worrying about?" returned Frankel. "We're all here, ain't we?"

Rab McNabb was warned to wear his cap over his ears lest he freeze them.

"Nae, I've had nae use for the tabs since the accident," said Nab.

"What accident?"

"Wee Willie Thompson asked me would I hae a drink, and I did nae hear him."

✽

Willie, hitting at a ball,

Lined one down the school-house hall.

Through his door came Dr. Hill.

Several teeth are missing still!

✽

An American was explaining to a British visitor the construction of an electrical sign his concern was about to place on Broadway, New York. "It will contain," he said, "20,000 red lights, 17,000 blue lights, 10,000 white lights, and a central sunburst of orange and purple." The Englishman was impressed. "Most extraordinary," he said. "But don't you think, old chap, that it will be just a bit conspicuous?"

✽

"Do you know Jim Skelly?" asked Pat.

"Faith," said Mike, "an' I do."

"Well," said Pat, "he has had his appendix taken away from him."

"Ye don't say so!" said Mike. "Well, it serves him right. He should have had it in his wife's name."

✽

A vaudeville team broke up after a long and checkered career, and for several years its two members lost track of each other. Finally one of them entered a dilapidated hash house on the lower East Side and recognized his waiter. "I don't believe it," he gasped. "You—a waiter—in this joint."

"True," replied his ex-partner with great dignity, "but I don't eat here."

✽

Nimrod: "Yes sir, that fish was four feet long, and that's the truth. You know seeing is believing."

Friend: "Not always. I can see you, for instance."

Christmas Gift Suggestions

From the Liguorian Pamphlet Office

For Priests and Religious:

One or several of the following classic spiritual works of St. Alphonsus Liguori:

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Way of Salvation and Perfection (510 pages)	1.00
The Glories of Mary (703 pages)	1.50
The True Spouse of Christ (728 pages)	1.50

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Motion Picture Guide

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Code of the Lawless
Prairie Rustlers

Previously Reviewed

Abbott and Costello in Hollywood
Adventures of Rusty
Along Came Jones
Anchors Aweigh
Arson Squad
Bad Men of the Border
Blazing the Western Trail
Border Bad Men
Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion
Boston Blackie's Rendezvous
Both Barrels Blazing
Captain Eddie
Captain Kidd
Captain Tugboat Annie
Cribbean Mystery, The
Cheaters, The
Colorado Pioneers
Corpus Christi Bandits
Docks of New York
Easy to Look At
Enchanted Cottage, The
Enchanted Forest, The
Enemy of the Law
Escape in the Fog
Fashion Model
Fighting Bill Carson
Flaming Bullets
Follow That Woman
Forever Yours
Frontier Fugitives
Gangs of the Waterfront
Gay Senorita, The
The Girl of the Limberlost
Great Morgan, The
Her Highness and the Bellboy
Hidden Eye, The
House of Fear
House on 92nd Street, The
I Love a Band Leader
Identity Unknown
Junior Miss
Keys of the Kingdom, The
Lawless Empire
Lost Trail, The
Man from Oklahoma
Man to Remember, A
Mr. Muggs Rides Again
Nob Hill
On Stage Everybody
Oregon Trail
Our Vines Hve Tender Grapes
Outlaws of the Rockies
Patrick the Great
Pursuit to Algiers
Radio Stars on Parade
Renegades of the Rio Grande
Return of the Durango Kind, The
Rhythm Round-Up
Road to Alcatraz
Rockin' in the Rockies
Rough Riders of Cheyenne
Rough Ridin' Justice
Rustlers of the Badlands
Saddle Serenade
Scared Stiff

Scarlet Clue, The
Scotland Yard Investigator
See My Lawyer
Senorita from the West
Shanghai Cobra, The
Silver Fleet, The
Sing Your Way Home
Son of Lassie
Song of Old Wyoming
South of the Rio Grande
Springtime in Texas
Stagecoach Outlaws
State Fair
Sunbonnet Sue
Sunset in El Dorado
Tarzan and the Amazon
They Met in the Dark
Thousand and One Nights, A
Three in the Saddle
Trail of Kit Carson
True Glory, The
Unseen, The
Utah
Wagon Wheels Westward
Wanderer of the Wasteland
West of the Pecos
White Pongo
Woman in Green, The
You Came Along
You Can't Do Without Love

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Detour
River Boat Rhythm
This Love of Ours

Previously Reviewed

And Then There Were None
Angel from Brooklyn, An
Back to Bataan
Beautiful Cheat, The
Beside Manner
Bell for Adano, A
Bewitched
Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe
Blonde from Brooklyn
Blonde Ransom
Blood on the Sun
Brighton Strangler
China Sky
China's Little Devils
Cisco Kid in Old New Mexico
Clock, The
Colonel Blimp
Col. Effingham's Raid
Come Out Fighting
Conflict
Counter-Attack
Crime Doctor's Warning
Crime, Inc.
Crimson Canary, The
Dangerous Intruder
Dangerous Partners
Dillinger
Divorce
Don't Fence Me In
Duffy's Tavern
Earl Carroll Vanities
Escape in the Desert
Eve Knew Her Apples
Falcon in San Francisco, The
Fighting Guardsman, The
First Yank Into Tokyo
Flame of the West
Game of Death, A
Gentle Annie
George White's Scandals
Girls of the Big House
God Is My Co-Pilot
Great John L., The
Hold That Blonde
Honeymoon Ahead
Horn Blows at Midnight, The
Hotel Berlin
I'll Remember April
Isle of the Dead
It's a Pleasure
It's in the Bag
Johnny Angel
Kiss and Tell
Lady on a Train
Lost in a Harem
Lost Weekend, The
Love, Honor and Goodbye
Love Letters
Mama Loves Papa
Marshal of Laredo
Medal for Benny, A
Missing Corpse, The
Molloy and Me
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town
Murder, He Says
My Name Is Julia Ross
Naughty Nineties
One Exciting Night
Out of This World
Over 21
Pardon My Past
Paris Underground
Penthouse Rhythm
People Are Funny
Picture of Dorian Gray, The
Power of the Whistler
Pride of the Marines
Randolph Family, The
Rhapsody in Blue
River Gang
San Antonio
Shadow of Terror
Shady Lady
Song of Mexico
Southerner, The
The Spanish Main, The
Spider, The
Stork Club, The
Strange Affair of "Uncle Harry," The
Strange Confession
Strange Illusion
Swing Out, Sister
Tell It to a Star
Ten Cents a Dance
That's the Spirit
They Came to a City
Those Endearing Young Charms
Three's a Crowd
Thrill of a Romance
Too Young to Know
Trouble Chasers
Twice Blessed
Two O'Clock Courage
Valley of Decision
Way Ahead, The
Weekend at the Waldorf
Where Do We Go from Here?
Why Girls Leave Home
Within These Walls
Wonder Man
Yolanda and the Thief
Youth Aflame
Ziegfeld Follies
Zombies on Broadway

